Sittin' On A Stump

Col. Raymond C. Vietzen

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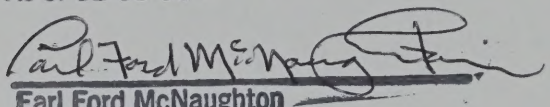

Earl Ford McNaughton

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Sittin' On A Stump

by

Col. Raymond C. Vietzen

Elyria, Ohio

DEDICATION

This volume is dedicated to my
wife, Ruth, and to all my friends and
colleagues who shared my life and
were often a part of these stories.
The Indians, historians, archaeologists,
collectors and friends played their
parts in the stories told.
Even my enemies helped.

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FRONTISPIECE

RAYMOND CHARLES VIETZEN
Chief High Flying Eagle — Sioux
Chief White Horse — Navajo

Col. Raymond C. Vietzen

FIG. I
Boys spinning yarns in Kentucky —
"Sittin' On A Stump"

INTRODUCTION

"Sittin' On A Stump" is not intended to be a fine literary composition. Instead, it is written in a conversational vein with localisms, idioms and slang used profusely throughout. The stories occurred in natural and humble surroundings and no pretense is made to cover up or embellish their homespun background. Uncomplicated, simple, sometimes uncouth and quite often humorous, these true stories come to you in their crude nakedness.

If you are a prude, then many of the tales are not for you but if you are a natural human being you will enjoy reading such as this.

You may not be more intelligent after reading these pages but we promise you will laugh and perhaps shed a tear or two as you, too, relive our stories. We will entertain you even though we do not educate you with our running discourse of anecdotes.

This work will not be used to swap a lot of lies but will be one in which true happenstances will be related just as these occurred while the author and his many colleagues were "shakin' the bushes" in many sections of the country. The stories cover a span of nearly half a century.

Some few of the incidents happened when I was a young lad and naturally these will be narrated first even though such are not the most interesting. As life progressed I became more complicated and the stories will reflect a more cosmopolitan outlook.

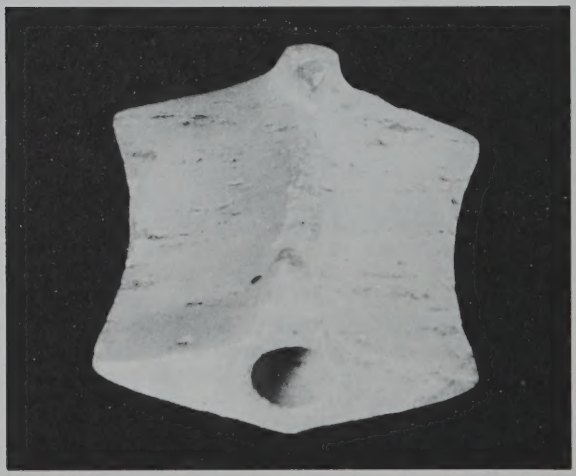
There are times when we jump the track and deviate somewhat but eventually we get back on course. Some readers will think this work should have been entitled "Idiots Delight" and perhaps this would have been a more apt moniker.

The title sprang from a hunting trip when the writer and a fellow nimrod sat on an old stump to rest and talk. While sitting thusly, various topics were discussed, these ranging from scientific to scandalous tales. We decided many of the things that happened to us would be of interest to others.

Later, at an archaeological meeting in Quincy, Illinois, my good friend B. W. (Steve) Stephens thought a book of stories should be prepared and he said "you are the man to do it."

Surely there are many persons who wonder what prompts a man to write such a book as this. In answer to their questions let us say it is one way to get something off your mind, but seriously speaking I felt the happenings, both humorous and tragic, of my lifetime spent in archaeological research would be interesting to many readers. At archaeological meetings many collectors and scientists agreed that the odd stories, jokes, poor trades and shady deals all had their place in the literary world and likewise would make enjoyable reading.

Most of my schoolmates and friends were seated behind mahogany desks amassing fortunes while I was following a dream. They were in business suits but I was in suntans searching in field and laboratory for that greatest gift of all, knowledge. Wages for knowledge unlike the wages of sin are not great and few men ever became wealthy in dollars while on such a quest.



Bannerstone — Logan Co., Ky.

Chapter I

MY HERITAGE

If you are not interested in reading a bit of biography, please skip this chapter. This is no criterion of the type of stories which are unfolded in the ensuing chapters.

My paternal grandparents, the Vietzens, came from northern Germany to settle on West Ridge near Elyria, Ohio in the early 1800s. They wished to shake off the chains of compulsory military training for their four young sons, as well as to make a new life in America. Fredrich, my father, being the youngest was but four years old at the time.

These people were trained in the German arts and crafts of their time although some members of the family belonged to the House of Brunswick. All were thrifty, hard working and talented.

Uncle John, the oldest son, had over 60 patents to his credit although all were sold for a few hundred dollars each. He had two strong vices — his love for beautiful women and a craving for strong liquor. These proved to be his downfall.

When I was a boy, he was my ideal — he could fix anything and always had time to make things every boy wished for and if I wanted something, he would make it for me.

My father and I were pals — we worked and played together. Many of my skills were taught to me by this gentle man. He taught me to make baskets as he had learned from the Indians in Oklahoma. Butchering and sausage making, farming, wood cutting and many other things I learned as I worked with him. The making of apple butter, sorghum and maple syrup, all these things were taught to me at an early age. How to hunt, trap and prepare the game and hides were learned at the age of ten. At twelve I knew how to cut and lay sandstone and soon learned how to construct a building.

The farm kitchen with its wood burning stove — the frying country ham and sausage — the smell of fresh baked bread and kuchens have never left my memories but, alas, these things are gone. Well do I remember how I cut the heel from a loaf of homemade bread and spread it with thick sweet cream adding just a dash of sugar to give it zest. No king ever ate better than the American farm boy did when I was a teenager.

My mother, Elise Von Zimmerman, and her sister Matilda came alone to America when they were teenage girls. They were the daughters of German Baron Karl Von Zimmerman, a wealthy and prominent landholder with over 600 peasants under his rule. He was responsible only to his King and the Kaiser. The girls left their luxurious estate to escape the strict regulations and cruelty of their way of life. However, Mother remained the "Matriarch" and ruled with an iron hand up to the day of her death.

She told of a severe beating she received for swinging on a garden gate with a peasant boy. They were not allowed to fraternize.

Groves of European walnut trees grew on her father's estate and the nuts were harvested by the peasant farmers, but they were not allowed to eat any of these as only the aristocrats enjoyed such delicious food. Mother gave a peasant boy three of these walnuts and when caught in the act was beaten half to death by her father the Baron. Such things eventually caused the girls to leave Germany and come to America where one was free.

Mother's family were friends of the Krupps, Von Hindenbergs and other Prussian War lords and I will never forget when Adolph Hitler came into power, I said he will make Germany great again, but Mother replied, "Never, he will ruin Germany — they should cut off his head right now before he ruins the nation." How true her words but she did not live to see her prophesy bear fruit.

Her aristocratic background never died, for polkas, the music of the commoners, was not allowed in our home. Only the waltzes and marches were played and enjoyed to the fullest. I was taught to hate polkas.

Aggressiveness became second nature to me — an inherited trait deeply rooted in German tradition and tempered very little by my American birthright. There are those who say I will always be an aggressive and determined "Dutchman." Be that as it may, I am still proud of my ancestors; some of which are listed below along with their accomplishments.

Uncle Alfred Zimmerman of World War I fame was a German foreign minister. He resembled my grandfather.

Eugene Zimmerman was an American Illustrator. Born in Switzerland in 1862. Educated in Patterson, N. J. Best known for his humorous illustrations and comic art.

Jeremiah Zimmerman was an American clergyman and numismatist. He was born in Maryland in 1848. He graduated from Pennsylvania College and the theological seminary at Gettysburg, Pa. (1876). He was pastor of the Lutheran Church at Valatie, N. Y. 1877-78. In 1879 he organized the First Lutheran Church at Syracuse, N. Y. where he served for years as pastor. He also lectured at Syracuse University. Among his writings was "Spain and Her People, (1902)."

Albert Zimmerman, for whom my oldest brother was named, was a German painter born at Zittau, Saxony in 1808. He died in Munich in 1888. He studied at Dresden and Munich. He was a professor in the Milan Academy in 1857 and in the Vienna Academy in 1860. His best paintings were of mountain scenery and landscapes.

Johann Von Zimmermann was a philosopher and writer. Although born in Brugg, Switzerland in 1728 he lived in Germany most of his life, dying in Hanover in 1795. He studied medicine under Haller at Göttingen and in 1754 he was appointed public physician to his native town. In his leisure time he wrote and published much prose and poetry including his, "Ueber die Einsomkeit" — 1756. "Von Nationalstolz" was finished in 1758 and his "Vom der Erfahrung in der Arznerkunst" in 1764. He followed this by several professional treatises. In 1768 he accepted an offer from the King of England to become physician to the king at Hanover. In 1786 he attended Frederick The Great in his last illness. Some of his books were translated into almost every language of Europe.

Wilhelm Zimmermann was a German poet and historian born in Stuttgart, Germany in 1807 just a century before my birth. He died in Würtemberg in 1878. Many of my mother's people lived in or near these towns. After studying at Tübingen he was connected with many Journals at Stuttgart. From 1847 to 1850 he was professor of history and of German literature at the Polytechnic Institute there. He was a member of the German National Assembly and Würtemberg Parliament (1848). He serevd as pastor of Evangelical Churches at Leonbronn, Schnaitheim and Owen. He has many publications to his credit.

In my formative years, when Mother realized that I was a student or a "bookworm" as I was often referred to, she became most insistent that I become a Lutheran minister but not feeling the "call" I disappointed her and she never forgave

me for my rebellious attitute. I fought against the very thing in her which she and her sister left Germany to escape — Domination of one's right to make a choice.

It would seem I now have lauded my illustrious ancestors to a sufficiency and aside from a number of gun makers in the family there is little more to be said. Perhaps I have already bored my readers too much.

"Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part from him when he goes wrong."

A. LINCOLN.

Chapter II

OHIO STORIES

When I was a teenage boy, I was blessed with a younger brother who loved to go along with me on camping, fishing or hunting expeditions. Sometimes I condescended to take this little kid along but usually I resented having to share my great exploits with him. One afternoon as I packed my gear and prepared to go into the wilds of the neighboring woodlots, Willie, as the brother was nicknamed, was most insistent about accompanying me but I refused and turned a deaf ear to all his pleas. As I passed the end of our granary on my way to the woods, I was clobbered from behind with a large lump of frozen earth which made a direct hit on my posterior. I turned quickly to see Willie racing around the old hen house so I took after him fully intending to give him a good sound thrashing as soon as I could lay hands on him. In seconds I was stopped short by a burning and smarting pain in the exact spot where the earthen missile had made contact and to my surprise I found my pants afire and my hide was also being scorched by this time. There was only one thing to do, give up the chase and sit down in some new plowed ground to put out the fire. A bundle of old fashion matches in my hip pocket were ignited when Willie's well aimed projectile made contact with that portion of me which was hard to miss.

Aside from my pants, my long johns were also burned and a goodly portion of me was quite red and blistered. This ended the chase and the camping trip but a bit of lecturing and disciplinary action on the part of my father was next on the agenda. His closing words were, "If you had been kind and taken your little brother along, this would not have happened."

During late summer, raiding a neighbor's melon patch was a favorite pastime of the farm boys and even though you had plenty of melons at home the stolen ones always tasted better.

One clever farmer conceived the idea of planting his melon patch in the center of his cornfield where he was certain no one would look. We knew of it on the day he planted the

seeds and patiently watched as the luscious fruit matured.

When ripe, we decided to help ourselves during the daylight hours rather than wait for darkness. The standing corn gave ample cover, so we thought, but the farmer had seen us before we reached the corn and had started down the lane to catch us in our petty thievery. This he would have done but for his habit of talking to himself, especially when perturbed. We heard him jabbering and cussing long before he arrived so, selecting some fine melons we scattered into the corn where no one could see us.

A few days later as I passed his house he called to me to come in, which I did. On the back porch were baskets of melons from which he selected one to cut. Together we consumed all we could eat after which he said, "Now if you have boy friends who like melons bring them over and help yourselves."

I knew he thought we were in his melon patch so he chose this manner to tell us. We never bothered his melons after that other than those on the back porch.

On one melon swiping expedition the girls begged to be taken along. After considerable pleading we reluctantly agreed to take them if they would follow our orders. We reached the patch and had selected a nice melon apiece when off in the distance we heard the neighbor coming with his dog abarking. I knew he carried a shotgun and would use it so everyone took off at breakneck speed but a barbed wire fence separated us from the highway and this must be crossed ere we could escape. Everyone made the fence in fine order but one girl got so tangled and hung up in the wire that I had to go back to help her.

The neighbor was getting nearer and nearer so at last I had to call out to him and tell him who I was and that he should not shoot as a girl was caught in his fence. He came rushing up and when he saw the young lady in trouble he doubled over and laughed until he cried. Old Shep, the dog, was all over me, happy to find a friend instead of some villain he had hoped to bite. We extricated the maiden and together walked back to his place where we ate plenty of melon as we laughed about the incident.

The others had scattered and gone, not waiting to get shot as they were certain the two of us would be. The melons and the neighbor are long gone but the pleasant memories still linger on.

Very few pancakes were eaten by the German families of the neighborhood where I grew up and one character had a remark about flapjacks which I have remembered through the years — mostly because I still agree with him. Scornfully, he would look at them and say "Pancakes, Jesus Christ you eat two bushels of them and an hour later you are starving to death."

This individual was also the most bowlegged man I have ever seen. They said a pig could run between his legs without touching either one. If his legs had been straight, he would have been a foot taller. You could tell who it was if you saw him a half mile away.

Living on "Hell Ridge" when I was a boy, was a very nosey woman — I guess every neighborhood had one. When ever the doctor drove his horse and buggy down the road, she would wait patiently for his return, then dash out and stop him for questioning. She must know who was sick and what was wrong with them. The good doctor resented this woman's actions and one day he decided to discourage her.

In answer to her many questions, he said, "Mrs. Guggenheimer just had a baby born without a penis." To this she remarked, "Oh, my goodness! What will the poor thing do"? He smiled and said, "Don't worry about it for in about 18 years she will have a good place to put one"—then drove on down the road.

During my teens I often hunted with my oldest brother and an elderly gentleman. We usually hunted around his home at Berlinville, Ohio. Old Woman's Creek flowed through the valley directly behind his general store and home and this stream had to be crossed going and coming from the hunting areas to the north. It was either cross on the ice or a log or go to the highway bridge which was a long walk without any hunting territory to cover.

One day, as we were coming in for lunch, we decided to try the ice on the creek to see if it was solid enough to hold our weight. As I weighed the most and was young and agile, I ventured onto the ice leaving my shotgun with my brother. I walked across and returned in safety saying that it was strong enough to support a truck. My hunting companions crossed in fine shape then I followed making my third crossing. As I neared the middle of the stream, the ice broke and I was

submerged to the arm pits waving a shotgun in one hand and holding the other aloft to keep my wristwatch out of the water. Before I got out of the water, which I did entirely on my own, I was thoroughly soaked, half frozen and mad as a wet hen. I have never seen such laughter and enjoyment in all my life.

Fortunately we were close to the house and I made it before my clothes were completely frozen. My friend supplied a robe and his wife placed my clothing before a roaring fire to dry while we consumed an excellent country meal. When the clothes were dry, it was back to the hunt once again.

One summer evening when I called to pick up my date, I was flabbergasted to find not one girl awaiting my arrival but six charming young ladies all smiling and looking their bewitching best.

My date explained that they wanted so much to go to the Crystal Ballroom where a famous orchestra was playing for dancing. She felt sure I would not mind as they might pick up escorts while there and then these gentlemen would see them home.

Everyone packed into my snappy sport roadster and with top down and three girls riding in front and another three in the rumble seat, we dashed off to the dance.

Arriving there, we parked the auto near the entrance in full view of the dance hall personnel. I stood six feet, two inches tall and weighed 185 pounds so I never went unnoticed even in crowds. On this night while escorting six beauties, I could not be ignored or unseen.

The doorman bowed and said in a booming voice, "Everyone make way for his royal highness, the Sultan and his ladies." All eyes were turned in my direction and I suddenly felt like retreating but I braved it through and everyone had a big laugh while the band played "For He's A Jolly Good Fella," in my honor.

Attending a local theater with a young lady on Bank Night I was fortunate to win first prize at the drawing. Instead of money they were giving household articles and, of course, I was given my choice of the prizes. I selected a nine by twelve foot rug, because it was the most valuable prize and not because I needed it.

The rules were that the prizes must be taken with you so with the rug under one arm and a lady fair on the other, I left the theater under a barrage of questions such as, when are you getting married, and congratulations, etc. All of this was most embarrassing to both of us and I was tempted to ditch the rug and head for home.

Holding the winning ticket for the $500.00 cash prize during the Depression was one of the biggest annoyances of my life. Having lost most of my assets in the Crash, this money looked like a million dollars to a struggling young married man.

The bank president and everyone patted me on the back and offered advice, each silently scheming to get his hands on my money. Everyone had a place for it or something to sell but I kept it to pay off bills. My credtors were like buzzards ever circling nearby. I was a big man as long as the money lasted but that was soon gone and life returned to normal once more.

As an impulsive young man, I was an ever willing champion for the underdog or for any just cause. Knowing this, two of my close friends approached me with a problem which called for drastic and possibly disastrous action. They had befriended a slightly built Greek lad whom they brought to me with his woeful tale.

His girl friend, an orphan whom he loved very much, had been literally kidnapped by a white slavery ring which operated in a nearby city. She was being held as a prostitute against her will. He had asked the police for help but they said they could do nothing without proof and a warrant. Now, very desperate, he decided to take the law in his own hands, but he needed help. My sport roadster and three husky helpers would conquer all so we agreed to advance upon this house of ill repute and, if necessary, to tear it apart to rescue his maiden in distress.

We drove to the neighboring city's shady district confident that our mission would be accomplished without too much physical combat. Impetuous and overconfident youth, a whole car load of it.

As we neared the baudy house, the Greek spotted the madam with his girl coming down the sidewalk and he yelled, There she is." With that he jumped out of the rumble seat

before I could stop, and raced to the women, grabbing his girl friend. The madam let go with a blow to his face which sent the little fellow spinning like a top eventually landing on his butt on the stone walk. He sprang up like a lithe tiger and was on the madam like a madman. He knocked her down and was kicking her. This all happened in seconds before I could get the car stopped and get out although the other lads had already taken his girl in tow.

At this moment a big burly man rushed out of the house brandishing a revolver which he fired promiscuously in every direction. As I now had disembarked, one bullet whistled by my head too close for comfort. Another struck a house across the street making a very loud spat as it hit the siding. Street lights went on up and down the avenue and people were looking out to see what was going on. Some brave souls even ventured to their porch steps.

I knew this would bring the law pronto so I yelled to the boys to put the girl in the car and let's get to hell out of here quick. Just as we were pulling away I heard the siren and a police car pulled up beside us. The officers started to question everyone but recognizing the Greek lad they centered their attention on him. He had his girl friend back in his arms although the madam had her clothes locked up in the house. The police sergeant came to me and said, "You look like a fine young man, you boys got what you came for so now I will give you fifteen minutes to get out of town and don't come back." "Now, if you have other ideas we will be following you to the city limits so get moving before I change my mind." We left.

I never again saw the Greek boy and his girl friend but I hope they married and lived happily ever after.

When I was about nineteen, two pretty young ladies from a nearby town came to spend a summer vacation with neighbors who lived on a farm on the next road. This family had a son of my age and we often went on dates together, especially since he could use their automobile whenever he desired to. We often dated the two girls while they were visiting at his home.

One evening I arrived a bit early for our date and found the girls rolling and tumbling like two wrestlers in the back yard. They scratched, bit each other and pulled hair all the while screaming and crying. I tried to get them to stop but my efforts seemed to make them fight harder. Finally, the

adults stepped in and the girls were parted. Such a sight — bleeding faces, disheveled hair and their dirty clothes almost in rags.

The girls were in no condition, either physically or mentally to go with us for the evening so we went to a movie by ourselves. That night I commented about how terrible it was that the girls had such a fierce fight. My companion asked if I did not know what the fight was about and I replied, "Of course not." He informed me that they were fighting over me. It started with an argument in the afternoon and I arrived as it reached the climax. Both girls wished to be my date for the evening and the fight followed.

In my boyish innocence I could not understand why two girls would fight over a boy especially since I had no serious intentions about either one of them.

On the following day they returned to their homes — a summer's vacation was ruined.

On one of my long trips into the North Country, I drove far into the night before seeking lodgings. By that time no places were available and I was so tired that I parked the roadster in a wooded area and fell asleep in the car. The first light of day was breaking when I was rudely awakened by snorting, sniffing and rustling of leaves. As I opened my eyes, I was looking into the face of a black bear standing on his hind legs. He was sniffing me and, in truth, I believe he was searching for food in the car. Fortunately there was none and after scaring me half to death he scampered off with a companion. Perhaps I scared him as much as he did me and he was glad to get away.

Operating a truck sales and service presented many problems, both taxing and humorous. On one occasion I sold two Jewish brothers a new truck which I delivered after closing time one evening. Arriving at their home, I found them at supper in the kitchen.

The father with his little Jewish cap, his wife and the two sons were dining on red wine, oil sardines and black bread which was broken apart and not sliced. It was a hot humid July day and as I reached the screen door, the odors of fish, wine and perspiration all but sickened me. I was asked to eat with them but this I declined. One of the brothers took a used, sardine smeared glass, filled it with wine and insisted

on my drinking it. I was trapped — these people were paying me $2000.00 cash for a new truck — could I afford to offend them? Seeking an escape I said, "Oh, I forgot to bring in the title for you to sign so I can file it tomorrow." "I will get it now." I carried the wine to the far side of the truck, opened the glove compartment for the title then, making sure no one could see me, I emptied the wine on the ground.

While repairing a truck for a Jewish peddler, I was given a lesson in economy. Men of this breed seldom left their trucks while repairs were being made and this man was no exception. Perhaps they wished to make sure of getting what they paid for.

At noon when everyone stopped for lunch, the peddler went to a bakery where he purchased three plain hamburger buns which he brought back to the shop where he consumed them with great relish along with a glass of water. When finished, he wiped his mouth and uttered, "Dat vas a gute dinna for a nickel." I shuddered to think of it as a dinner at any price but I had not known hunger in the "old country" as he had.

As a very young man, I bought raw furs for a Jewish outfit. One day the boss called me and said he had three bags of furs brought in by an old man whose daughter was in the hospital. He had walked ten miles with the pelts on his back because he needed the money for his daughter's care. The furs could be bought cheap but the company checking account was already overdrawn so they could not buy them and help the old man. Now the furs were all graded and priced and I could buy these for about one-half their worth, which meant a handsome profit even if I wholesaled to another dealer.

I accepted the graded furs as per their list and wrote my check to cover. This done I took the furs to an associate dealer's fur house but he was on the road buying so I left my cargo and went home. Later that evening he called and said, "Ray, did you look at those furs"? I had not so I told him how I bought them and the whole story. He laughed and explained that most of the furs were cull outs from several catches and worth little or nothing. I went to his place where we examined the lot and found how badly I had erred. He said he could pay me eighteen dollars for the lot which was

far less than half of what I had paid. I reluctantly accepted my loss but I told my Jewish dealer what I thought of him. He told me education costs money and that was part of my education. We became good friends although I always watched him in any deals, for one lesson was enough for me.

One farmer in our neighborhood raised garden vegetables and berries. He often had many people working for him so, for convenience, he built a small outdoor toilet at the edge of the field. This privy was at the base of a small hill and every Halloween a group of local boys would race down the hill hitting the outhouse like so many battering rams tipping it over and often causing considerable damage to the small building.

This happened so often it was no longer a joke to the farmer so he took steps to thwart the vandals. On the morning of Halloween, he and his hired man moved the toilet just enough to expose the cesspool which it stood over. This was done in such a manner that the boys running down the hill in the dark would fall into the human waste matter just as they reached their objective. It seems this was the last time any assault was made on the little Chick Sayles Special and neighbors said there were some pretty messy and red-faced boys that evening.

When I added a new room to our house, I worked diligently and far into the night driving nails as fast as I could. My Polish neighbor across the road was getting tired of hearing my construction noises and on Saturday night he exploded. He yelled, "Ray, quit pounding dose Gott damn nails. Go 'head get cleaned up, go to show, get drunk but quit pounding dose Gott damn nails." "I go to vedding you come too, get drunk like hell."

His large barn struck a double echo which made the pounding much worse to bear.

In dismantling a log cabin for moving and restoring at Indian Ridge Museum, we found the large white oak logs to be so heavy that extra help was needed to load them onto the trucks. I went into a nearby small town where I chanced to see a husky young Irishman mowing his lawn and I stopped to inquire where I might find a good man for the afternoon. He at once said, "Why I can help you. "My wife is away and the lawn is nearly finished so let's go." He turned out to be a

pleasant companion filled with all the wit of his ancestry.

As we lifted a very heavy log onto the truck he grinned and looked at his legs, as he said "My wife is going to wonder how in hell I got so bowlegged while she was at her club."

One very cold day in January a business associate of mine came into the shop, plopped his butt into a chair and proceeded to warm his half-frozen feet which he placed against the rosy-bellied stove. With a twinkle in his Irish eyes he muttered, "Now as my old maid auntie, who was a Baptist missionary, used to say, it is too God Damn Cold."

An Irish friend of mine told me he figured the most bull-headed peoples in the world were the English and the Germans but the difference between them was, the German knew what he was bullheaded about while the Englishman did not need a reason for his bullheadedness — he just couldn't help it.

Participating energetically in the physical activities of the Lorain County Fish and Game Club was one of the many extra curricular duties during my early married life. Among other things, I raised a number of raccoons which were released for restocking the forests. During these restocking safaris many humorous and often pathetic events took place.

Our group of conservationists usually consisted of Red, Butch, Chick, Dick and the writer. We worked well together and could accomplish miracles with animals.

In mid-February it was time to mark the 'coons and release them as the breeding or mating season was nigh. Marking was accomplished by cutting off the tip of one ear so that the animal could be identified when taken by the hunters and trappers during the next year's hunting season. The object being to release more game than was killed thereby increasing the local wildlife population.

I had one old male coon who weighed about 30 pounds and he was all fight. While branding the animals, which were held in special tongs, this rascal gave us some excitement. Red was holding him in the tongs but the animated dynamite was trying hard to escape and this he did as I cut off his ear tip. He made a big lunge and sunk his teeth into Red's arm, all the while clawing and scratching any other parts of poor Red's anatomy which were within reach. We finally grabbed Mr. 'Coon and threw him into a crate while Red cussed and

washed his many wounds. His jacket sleeve was cut into ribbons and was soaked with blood.

The raccoons were marked and placed in carrying cages. Several bags were filled with corn to be used as food for the released animals. Everything and everybody went in the truck to a large wooded area where we planned to implant our new raccoon colony. After parking the truck, we carried the animals and their corn through heavy snow into the woods where one by one our charges were given their freedom.

The first to go was the troublesome old male who had given Red such a going over, we figured we had enough of him so when a leaning tree containing a large hole about twenty feet up was spotted we all agreed that here was to be his new home. Dick brought his cage to the tree and as the door was opened Mr. 'Coon was maneuvered up the tree for a few feet where he stopped and refused to go farther. Butch pounded the tree and cussed but the animal would not go to the den entrance. Butch, who was a big German said, "I'll make that damn 'coon go in that hole," so he climbs up the leaning tree trunk and actually pushes the reluctant animal into the den. I never heard more growling than took place and out popped our 'coon over Butch's head and back as he scratched and clawed his way down the tree. Butch spun half around the tree then fell like a sack of potatoes into a snow covered heap of brush which fortunately broke his fall. He was jarred and scratched but not seriously hurt. I last saw the old 'coon tearing through the woods at top speed as he put distance between himself and his tormentors. Another male raccoon was already sleeping in this den.

The remaining animals were released without further trouble but we had had enough with one.

A dear friend and fellow collector had just finished his dinner and was dressing for duty on the local police force where he served as a lieutenant detective. His wife suddenly realized she had not ironed his freshly laundered shirts so she hurriedly left the dinner table to perform this task. While waiting for the shirt, Curt happened to walk into the kitchen in time to see the family cat on the table partaking of the roast beef. Curt seized the cat, turned and threw it through the dining room door just as his wife entered with his finished shirt. The mad and startled cat landed on his wife, scratched

and clawed her face, arms and breast before leaping to the floor.

Curt's wife was a little woman and he weighed well over 200 pounds but she sprang upon him like a tigress, beating him with both fists until, in a fit of laughter, he stumbled and fell to the floor where she continued to pommel him. He was helpless because he could not stop laughing, which made mama even more irate so the more he laughed the more she struck him.

Shortly things settled down, all wrath was cooled and peace reigned again in the household. Later, as they told me about it, they both laughed although the scratch-marks were still in evidence on the wife's face.

During the exploration of the Franks Site, I often took walks along the Vermilion River to become thoroughly familiar with the Indian's homeland thereby giving myself a better perspective of their life here in the Lake Erie Basin. Ruth, my wife, usually accompanied me on these little sojourns as was the case when the story I am about to relate was unfolded.

All was going fine, we encountered none of the large ugly snakes which resided there nor had we turned an ankle or tripped over a wild grape vine. All poison ivy was skirted, we hoped, but tomorrow would tell that story.

Coming to a small but deep ravine at the river's edge, we were puzzled as to how to cross it without getting our footwear wet and muddy. I noticed a convenient tree branch which I could use to swing across to the opposite side. Tarzan-like I leaped, siezed the branch and swung to the far bank. Ruth made the leap and swung on the branch but she was too short to reach the other bank so swung to and fro like a pendulum while I nearly died laughing. I could not catch her so out of sheer desperation she released her grip and plummeted into the mud below. Quick action on my part stopped her from rolling into the river but was she a mess. Her slacks were muddy and the seat was bursted out but worst of all she was provoked and hard to get along with for the balance of that day.

On another of these walks Ruth and I were following a game trail through heavy grass and undergrowth. As the trail was very narrow, we walked single file with Ruth following closely behind me. After traveling thusly for some distance, I spotted the largest snake I have ever seen out of

captivity and never have I seen its equal in northern Ohio. It was as large as a medium boa constrictor but much uglier in appearance. Its central body portion was over six inches in diameter as it lay spread out upon the ground.

I held up my hand to stop Ruth, then we retreated to a rock pile for missiles with which to kill the reptile. Selecting several suitable stones I started my attack. I hit the big snake but made it mad and soon the snake was the aggressor and I retreated a bit. As he traveled, at least two feet of his head and body were off the ground and as I tried to hit him he ducked and darted to escape the rocks I hurled.

Finally in desperation I hurled a very large rock which the snake miraculously failed to dodge and a direct contact was made with its neck. More coils of snake were tumbling and thrashing in the grass than is possible to conceive. The snake rolled, thrashed and tumbled to the edge of the bluff above the Vermilion River and before we could capture our trophy it plummeted over the edge to the river a hundred feet below.

The snake was at least 10 to 12 feet in length, dark gray in color and nonpoisonous. For its size it was very swift and agile and no doubt belonged to the family known as Racers. Few people believe that such snakes exist in northern Ohio but we saw one and killed one — believe it or not.

My friend "Doc" Johnston once said to me "a little more gray hair at the temples and you will be a smart man." At that time I was forty and my hair had started to streak with gray. Now in my fifties I know he was at least partially right, I am a little wiser and a lot grayer.

Hundreds of visitors, curious and otherwise, visited us while we dug the Franks Site near Brownhelm, Ohio. A great part of the work was done near the highway making it very convenient for the public to bother us half to death. Our vehicles were pulled into the field as close as possible to the area of operation thereby making it easier to unload equipment and tools and to load artifacts and skeletons as these were removed.

One day we were seated on the running board of a car, on the side away from the road, eating our lunch. (Yes, autos had running boards in the forties.) I heard a car stop and knew someone was coming over to the dig but this was not

unusual. Shortly I heard a woman scream and say, "Jesus Christ and I don't have any pants on." I stood up to see what happened and there was a nicely dressed woman lying in a ditch with considerable of her anatomy exposed. Her husband was helping her to her feet and consoling her wounded dignity. I greeted them as though naught had happened and she soon gained her composure and enjoyed the exposed archaeological remains. I might add that she could see no one when she fell into the roadside ditch hence the unguarded remark.

Mr. Lou Franks, owner of the Franks Site, came often to watch our progress and to discuss the various finds with us. One morning he had spent some time on the site during the early hours but said he must leave as some German friends were coming with a barrel of beer and a lot of food which would be consumed at the picnic grove along the river. He was not about to miss the festivities and dancing.

Late in the afternoon the party broke up and a very happy and not too steady Mr. Franks returned to see what we had found while he was partying. One of my men had dug a round test hole about two feet deep and some fourteen inches in diameter. This unnoticed hole was directly in Lou's path so before anyone could warn him he went in with both feet and sat down with a jarring thump. His ever present pipe flew out of his mouth and he blurted out, "God damn it, that wasn't there this morning" and then everybody laughed as I helped him out of his predicament. He was one of the best natured men I ever was privileged to work with.

A member of one of Elyria's earliest families was known as quite a queer character and, of course, he amused the local folks no end with his peculiarities. He claimed to be suffering with rheumatism and carried two crutches but it is said that these never touched the ground. He apparently used them to arouse sympathy and to create conversation.

Another of his quirks was putting sawdust in his shoes to insulate his feet against the cold. This was not as messy as it sounds for this pioneer slept with his shoes on. Water to him was for drinking only, that is, in case more tasty beverages were not available.

Another story, told about this same interesting person, revealed his frugal nature. When rubber boots were first

introduced to the citizens of Elyria, he purchased a pair and decided to wear one rubber boot and one leather boot to see which one would last the longest. Leather boots were the common footwear of the day and no newfangled invention was going to take over without first proving its worth. No one seemed to know just what the result of this test was for the man wore out before the boots did.

An eleven year old boy was viewing, with great awe, the exhibits in my museum when he suddenly exclaimed, "Gee, what if someone should steal some of these relics"? I told him I would shoot the guy if I caught him at it. He thought this was quite drastic and said so after which I said, "In the old days they used to hang people for stealing." His eyes brightened and he looked up at me and seriously said, "Wasn't that hard on one's crab apple"? At first this confused me but then I said, "Do you mean Adam's apple"? He grinned and said, "Oh, yes, Adam's apple."

This, at least, was a somewhat different attitude toward hanging and one that only a child would consider.

A friend of mine operated a general store in a nearby town and often bought antiques and Indian relics which he sold to collectors. One day I entered the store to hear and see a large clock racing and rattling for all it was worth. My friend was smiling and when I asked what kind of clock that was he informed me that such a clock caused the invention of the phrase "Time flies."

Looking at an old rifle he had for sale, I remarked the price was too high. He advised me that a round barrel model was cheaper but this had an Ochtajonal (octagonal) barrel so it was worth more.

An antique dealer in Medina, Ohio had located a very fine birdstone which was found near my home. Knowing I loved to collect such forms and being a friend of mine, he advised me of his acquisition and asked Mrs. Vietzen and I to come over for Sunday dinner at which time we wouldl negotiate and perhaps I could return home in possession of this rare artifact.

We enjoyed a wonderful meal, superbly prepared and elegantly served. After dinner we fondled the birdstone and talked price. I finally agreed to pay him $650.00 for it, a much

greater amount than I had expected to pay but it was one of the finest ever found.

That evening as we were leaving, I thanked them for the wonderful dinner and pleasant company but he stopped me and said, "Don't thank us, you paid for it." Everyone laughed as we bid them adieu and even now I smile as I think of his remark.

When I was digging the Indian site on the Franks farm in Brownhelm, Ohio, I left five skeletons exposed in situ in order to secure a group picture of the burial plot. The burial site was on the brink of a steep bluff. Many visitors stopped by to see the Indian remains and one group of girls was so enthusiastic that they climbed up the bluff instead of going around by way of the road. As they reached the top, they stood, amidst the skeletons, bug-eyed and out of breath. One cute little trick gasped out, "Who are they — what are their names"? This was more than one of the workmen could stand so he blurted out, "Ask them, not us." "Maybe they will talk to you ladies but we have had no luck." With this everyone laughed and forgot the matter.

In printing the form letters for the sales promotion of one of my books, the printer goofed. We returned one letter which had slipped in the press making the type distorted and blurred. The lines of type were oblique and in most instances unreadable. We asked the printer for the whiskey that went with the job as surely one would have to be drunk to decipher the message. He quipped with, "Oh, I printed a few to be read by jigging Indians." You know as they jumped up and down it would be easier to read if the type danced with them.

A very dear friend of mine was reading my book, "The Saga of Glovers Cave," when things got too hot for him. He was sitting up in bed with the pillows against the headboard and touching the bed lamp. So deeply engrossed was he that the burning pillow ignited by heat from the lamp went unnoticed until the heat reached his head and neck. Surprised and alarmed he seized the pillow and bed sheet and tossed them into the fireplace where they continued to burn.

He was lucky but his wife was most unhappy and openly expressed her displeasure at losing her bedding. I never

figured any of my books were so interesting as this one proved to be to him.

This same friend was attempting to clean the fat and flesh from a skunk pelt which he intended to tan and use for a pioneer cap. Finding the job both messy and tedious, he decided to put the hide in a pan of water and boil out the grease and fat thereby saving much labor. The idea was good except for two things. The hide softened and looked like a gelatin mass and the odor was quite unbearable. About this time the wife arrived on the scene and "ach du lieber" out mit everything.

While Mrs. Vietzen and I were looking at an Indian relic collection in Springfield, Ohio, the owner's large tomcat came strolling into the basement display room and proceeded to crawl into one of the relic cabinets whereupon our host chased him out saying, "Get out of there kitty that's no Cathouse." Needless to say we all were aware of the unintentional break but all remained quiet and composed except our red-faced and embarrassed host.

Two friends of mine were digging in an Indian site in a peach orchard, without the farmer's consent. They did not ask him because it was necessary to work around the tree roots to remove the skeletons and artifacts and surely the farmer would object so they sneaked in. Everything went well until one day just as they removed a perfect skull they spotted the owner walking toward them. Art was holding the skull so in his fright he threw it over the bank into the Huron River. Both men expected to be ordered off and perhaps arrested for trespassing and destruction of property but the farmer spoke kindly to them and said, "Boys, be sure to tamp the soil back around the peach tree roots." Then bidding them good day, he returned to his home.

Alas, the finest skull found on the site was in the river, crushed and scattered and it was so useless.

In talking with a fellow Indian relic collector whom I had just met he asked, what would become of my collection when I passed on? Did I have children to leave it to? I said I had no children and he wanted to know why. Although I should have told him it was none of his business, I said I didn't have time. He smiled and blurted out, "Oh, it don't take long."

The late Dr. Lawrence Hicks often stayed over at my home and on the following day he would go digging with me on a local Indian site. One of the favorite spots was Burrell's Fort north of my home town so we spent many pleasant hours working there.

Early in March when the air was still brisk but the ground was no longer frozen, we started for the old fort at daybreak. Larry had a spaniel dog who went everywhere with him so he was a member of the safari. We reached our destination and work was well underway when Tippy, the dog, started to yip and bark. Upon investigation we found he had corraled a very large blue racer snake. The snake was too cold and stiff to do much but move very slowly and the dog was occupied for several hours before the sun warmed Mr. Snake and he was about to crawl off into the bushes. This made Tippy very excited and he really carried on.

Larry went over and picked up the snake, examined it and measured its length, which proved to be about seven feet. Being in a refuse pit hard at work, I paid little attention to what was going on so before I knew what was about to take place Larry dropped the big snake on my bare neck and soon I was covered with coils of the reptile. Disliking snakes I threw it off, jumped out of the hole and started after Larry who was laughing so hard he could not get away. I gave him a friendly thumping and then we both laughed. Yes, Tippy was still playing with his big snake.

It was not long after this that Larry passed on to the "Happy Hunting Ground."

In compiling a form letter for sales promotion on one of my books, I used the phrase "Prehistoric Ecstasy Unleashed." When my printer, a close friend, read this he grinned and asked if I was writing a new edition of "Peyton Place." I retaliated by saying it was an Indian version of "Tobacco Road."

One day as I entered a country market where I had shopped for a number of years, I noticed most of the lady clerks were in a group laughing and talking. One whom I knew quite well left the group and said, "What will you have Mr. Vietzen"? To this I replied "Anything that is available if its decent or legal or if I don't get caught at it." Her face flushed and she and the others began to laugh. All the other

women started to kid her and she said, "That is what we were just talking about when you came in." I never found out what was being discussed but I could guess and not be too far wrong.

One lovely summer evening we were making arrangements for digging a site along the Vermilion River and everyone was enjoying the warm night air and jovial conversation. The one drawback was an invasion of hungry mosquitoes which eventually broke up the gathering. Before retreating one of the ladies was complaining about being bitten but one of my crew said, ""They are biting me too, you are not the only one they like." She retaliated by saying, "Yes, but you have pants on," to which he replied, "Well, you should have." With this and a good laugh we all left for home.

At an historical society meeting the lady chairman was long-winded and repetitious but even worse the lady speaker seemed never to finish. Whenever she approached what seemed to be the end of her talk, she reverted back and repeated much of which she had already said. One of the officers who was seated beside me leaned over and said to me, "Some of the ladies just do not have good turner-offers."

Homeward bound from a dig in Kentucky found us in a very much overloaded car with the rear end nearly dragging. We made our final gas stop at Ashland, Ohio where out of nosiness or want of conversation the attendant said, "What in the world have you got in that trunk to make the car so low"? Just for fun I told him I made regular trips to Kentucky for moonshine whiskey which I sold around Elyria, Ohio. It was necessary to bring back as much as possible on every trip in order to make good money on the venture. His eyes bugged out and he exclaimed, "Oh hell no."

Then I told him I was joking and I really had Indian skeletons and relics, old guns, iron kettles and four Kentucky hams along with digging equipment packed in the trunk. He said no more but as I drove away he was talking excitedly to his helper and I know he told him there goes the biggest liar in the world.

A barbecue was planned for a Sunday evening at our home so our little Godchild was fed early by her mother as she

would not relish roasted meat and other foods which we planned to serve. Poached eggs and milk were more to her liking, so we thought, but it seems Shari had other ideas. As everyone was seated, Shari crawled up beside me and watched her brother and the adult diners fill their plates with potato salad, baked beans and barbecued meats. Then, with elbows on the table and eyes slowly filling with tears, she blurted out, "Whatsa matter, no supper me"?

During a discussion at Doc Salisbury's home, many topics from religion to archaeology were touched on. I made a remark that even God had made a mistake in creating many of the prehistoric animals and he soon corrected it by creating others more fitted to co-existence with man. A very well dressed and apparently intelligent woman in the group remarked to me, "Do you really think there were dinosaurs and other prehistoric animals"? She was serious.

A fellow artist and I went into the big city to purchase special art supplies which were not available in our home town. Among other items, I needed some art grade modeling clay to model Indian heads over the skull thereby giving a good impression of what our aborigines looked like in life.

Deciding to make a day of it and have dinner at some fine eating emporium, we dressed in our Sunday best. After making our purchases we had time to spare before the dinner hour so decided to browse about in the elite stores selling ladies apparel, etc. My friend Jack was old enough to be my father but very dapper and distinguished looking. He carried a cane and walked with a dignified swagger. For all the world we appeared to be men of means shopping for gifts to bestow upon our ladyloves and the young sales ladies buzzed around us like bees at the hive. I am not sure but what a few of them were trying to interest us in taking them to dinner but we were Simon Pures so we only enjoyed what might have been. Good old Jack looked at hosiery and fur coats only thinking of his darling back home but we enjoyed all the attention the lovely girls showered upon us.

At the dining room we were seated before a large window where we could watch the parade of beauties and their escorts as they came to dine. While commenting on the female anatomy and their finer points, we enjoyed a leisurely repast and brought an end to a perfect day.

When I was a young lad I was attempting to complete a trade with an older and experienced man. The deal involved two small one dollar gold coins which I was offering in trade for an item he owned. I had them wrapped in tissue and placed in a small box when I submitted them for his examination. He was happy and said when I brought the truck to haul my desired item we would complete the transaction.

He put the tissue in the box which he handed to me saying I should keep the coins until we finished the deal. I placed the box in my pocket and started to leave, but he stopped me and said are you sure you have your coins? I pulled the box from my coat pocket and commented of course I have, I wouldn't forget those. He laughed and held out his hand with my two coins saying, "Young man, never trust anyone but yourself." Then he told me a story about his sad boyhood experience.

"I was an orphan who was placed in a farm home where I worked hard and long for my keep and a few dollars the generous farmer gave me on occasion. These treasured dollars were saved until I had a huge sum of seventeen and I was very proud and happy over my great wealth.

"One day my guardian said, "Boy, you have worked hard for a long time and you have grown into a young man. It is time you went to town to see the sights, so take a holiday." Dressing in my Sunday best with my money in my pocket I walked into town where the first attraction was an auction sale in an old store building. I watched everything with big eyes and open mouth, enjoying my new experience.

"The auctioneer held up the biggest and shiniest silver watch I had ever seen and I knew I must have it for my own. I hoped it would not sell for more than my seventeen dollars and it seemed as though that crier had counted my money for he sold it to me on my last bid for seventeen dollalrs. I rushed up to pay the clerk and clutch my precious timepiece but the clerk said, "Son, as soon as you look it over good I will take it in back and wrap it in a strong box so nothing will happen to it on your way home.' He took my watch and brought back a nice box all tied up with heavy cord and placed it in my hand cautioning me not to open it while in town as many crooks were about and someone might steal it. When the sale was over he again told me not to open it until I was safely back home on the farm.

I started home happy as a lark and I thought of nothing but that beautiful watch. About half way home I could stand it no longer so I opened the package. Alas, only a pebble was in the wrappings in the box. My watch was not there. I ran all the way back to town but no one was at the old store, the sale was over and no one could tell me where to find the dishonest clerk. My heart was heavy and I cried most of the way home but I learned a lesson which I never forgot and you can profit by my mistake."

This man became very wealthy and successful and I doubt if anyone ever again cheated him for he learned well.

One of my first birdstones was acquired when I was a green, wet-nosed kid. I traded an Atwater-Kent table model radio and two Kellogg prints of George and Martha Washington for this birdstone. The owner was an antique dealer, old enough to be my grandfather and I trusted him. When I got it home I found it to be one of the infamous "Guffey" fakes which were made in Kentucky of cave onyx and colored brown by soaking in iodine.

I went to him and explained it was a reproduction and he became very irate and mean. He claimed the radio did not work and the prints were faded so he lost money on the deal. I offered to trade back so he would not lose but this he refused to do so I charged it to educational costs. At least, I never got another "Guffey" birdstone.

A Sioux Indian friend admired this birdstone and fell in love with it. I told him it was a fake but he still wanted it for a good luck fetish so he took it, with my blessings.

The scene for this tale is set in southwestern Ohio not far from the banks of the Ohio River. On the map it is marked New Richmond but I do not know how it acquired its name, although I suspect the founders of the town came from Richmond, Virginia.

Dr. Kramer, Dr. Meuser and myself drove down from Columbus, Ohio to look at a collection of Indian relics which we understood could be bought. Arriving at a hill farm we parked our auto at the base of the large hill atop which an ancient looking, weather-beaten house was perched. It was unbearably hot but, like hounds on the trail, we puffed and climbed to the top where an elderly dirt farmer greeted us. We stated our mission and he took us into a bedroom con-

taining the most sway-backed bed I have ever seen. A hammock would have less curvature. One thing in its favor, the sleeper's feet would never be lower than his head. Hanging from the ceiling over the bed were hands of dried tobacco from which Dr. Kramer plucked enough for a good chew, which he seemed to enjoy immensely.

Under the bed near the foot was a large wooden box with a nailed on cover. Needing some kind of tool to pry open this cover, the owner left the room for a few minutes after which he returned with a large antique broadaxe which he used to pry up the lid as we stood bug eyed and impatient like buzzards over a dying sheep.

At last the cover was removed but the box was filled to the top with solid red earth. We were sick but the farmer said, "Don't worry, boys, they're in there all right." "The box has not been opened since the 1913 flood over 30 years ago." At that time the box of relics was in a store down by the river and the flood waters covered the box and eventually filled its empty areas with silt, sand and mud. It was almost unbelievable.

We ran our hands into the now dry earth pulling out pipes, bannerstones and flints then racing outside to a pump where we washed each item to see its true beauty and coloration. Such joy — three grown men happy as kids with new toys! Every relic in the box was of fine quality and many were rarities. After spending most of the afternoon washing and admiring several hundred Indian relics, we found ourselves hot and thirsty so asked the farmer if he had any drinking water. He handed us a tumbler and said, "Where you washed the relics is the best water in the U.S.A. so help yourselves." I manned the pump while Dr. Kramer caught a glass of cool sparkling water which he hurriedly put to his mouth but before he could swallow any Dr. Meuser stopped him. The glass of water was filled with mosquito wigglers — hundreds of them. We could not drink this water but our thirst was bound to be quenched. Dr. Kramer had a bottle of whiskey in his medical kit so he added to the water enough of the liquor to kill the wigglers and thereby make it safe to drink.

Now we asked our host what he wanted for his Indian relics and he casually informed us that they were not for sale at any price. No amount of coaxing or offers of money could sway him and as the sun was setting we reluctantly trudged down the hill to the car. As we reached the vehicle Dr. Kramer

noticed he had left his coat at the house so he returned alone to retrieve his jacket. When he arrived back at the car he said that old rascal was nailing down the cover with that broadaxe when I walked in. Dr. Meuser accused his colleague of intentionally forgetting his coat so he could go back and make another try for a large chalcedony spear he had lovingly fondled.

Never in all my digging have I seen so many fine artifacts come out of such a small area of earth as those taken from this box. It was fun but, oh, so disappointing.

As we were loading the car to go on a dig in the Scioto river valley, Dr. Meuser sat the lunch basket and a shotgun in the trunk along with a large empty box. He informed all members of the crew that the lunch, shotgun and box were going to be under a shade tree with him and all relics found would be promptly deposited in the box or he would use the scatter gun. The old tyrant sounded serious but actually shotguns were for the snakes which might be encountered.

A rather hurriedly planned archaelogical trip was made by this writer in company with Dr. Meuser and his wife and Dr. Kramer. Having little time to prepare a lunch, we took coffee and sandwiches plus a loaf of bread and several cans of sardines in oil.

Arriving at our destination we could find no shade in which to park the car excepting a large tree beside a dog kennel filled with several beagles. Stopping here we realized it was time to eat and this could be done before we went into the field to work.

The day was hot and humid but all was going well until the oily sardines, plus odors from the dog kennel made Mrs. Meuser quite ill and indisposed. Dr. Kramer and I could eat as much oil or greasy foods as we wished with no ill effects but it spoiled the day for some in our party.

In 1943 I went into Paint Creek Valley (Ohio) to excavate a small conical mound on a farm near the town of Paint, Ohio. My two colleagues were friends of long standing and both were experienced diggers. We based at some tourist cabins behind a tavern and dance hall which stood on the bank of Paint Creek. Coming from the mound on Saturday evening, we cleaned up and went to the tavern for supper.

My friend Curt who shared a cabin with me, ordered limburger cheese and onion on rye bread with beer but that was too much for this Dutchman. I had roast beef and coffee. Before too long, country boys and girls arrived and the juke box was going full blast. Feeling out of place and being tired from digging, Curt and I went to our cabin on the hillside hoping to get some needed sleep as the morrow would be another day of hard work.

Those hill boys and girls danced and stomped until the building rocked. I tried to sleep but Curt's limburger and onions were too much, the noise was too much and then to top it off Curt got out of bed smoked cigarettes and cursed hell out of those damn hillbillies.

Finally I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion only to be rudely awakened by the Sheriff's siren and much shouting and commotion at the water's edge. Too much liquor and beer had been consumed by too many boisterous country boys who had tossed a drunken buddy into Paint Creek. He failed to come up and in the darkness they lost sight of him so everyone thought he drowned. Someone called the Law and everyone was searching for the man's body. This went on for the balance of the night and into the morning but no body was found.

Just before noon, the thought to be drowned man, walked into his home feeling happy as a lark. The current had carried him some distance down stream before he succeeded in grabbing onto a fallen tree and making his way ashore where he slept soundly during the hours when the search was taking place. To him it was a big joke but to us it was a sleepless night.

My companions on this "dig" have long since gone to the "Happy Hunting Ground" but I remember them well and can still hear them cursing those noisy revelers. Even the finding of a cache of Flint Ridge blades did not take their minds off the events of that Saturday night on the banks of Paint Creek.

A potential book customer said, after receiving a prepublication brochure on one of my books, that he was through buying any more books "sight unseen." He then proceeded to tell me why and how come but he closed his letter with "Please autograph my copy." Apparently he had a change of heart while writing his letter.

Arthur George Smith, "Old Sarg," always commented that he liked to come to my house for he always learned something. Knowing Sarg I can believe this for he learned wherever he went. Although we were not privileged to become fast friends, a mutual professional respect was evident.

Following an archeological meeting in Toledo, Ohio where I was the speaker, the cliche including myself were invited to attend a cocktail party at the home of a prominent attorney and his charming wife. Everyone in the group knew that I was a temperance man but all agreed I must be a good sport and drink at this affair. Being a fine understanding lady, the hostess arranged to have me secretly served ice tea which very much resembled whiskey and soda. After drinking two glasses of this delicious but gentle refreshment, which I slowly sipped, everyone wondered why the Colonel was still talking and acting normally and to this day most of the group have never been told about my secret. Many think I can hold my liquor better than most. Besides hors d'oeuvres are excellent with ice tea.

At a local steel mill, two men were repairing a very tall smoke stack. All went well until the scaffold, on which they were working, broke and both men plummeted from near the top of the structure to the ground below. One man fell upon a pile of bricks which caused almost immediate death. The other, being more fortunate, landed in a large pile of mason sand thereby saving his life. Being badly hurt, he was rushed to the hospital in an ambulance. A policeman wishing to interrogate him rode beside him and asked his name, address, next of kin, etc. When asked his occupation the injured man mumbled ex-steeplejack. This confused the officer and he asked why the "ex." You are still a steeplejack are you not"? "No, I gave up that job when I was halfway down so I am an ex-steeplejack.

There lived in our neighborhood, a mean old man who was much disliked by the teen-aged boys so it was not unusual for the lads to play some very nasty pranks on him, especially during Halloween.

On one occasion they devised a filthy trick, one so bad it could well have been a product of Satan himself. Several large paper sacks were partially filled with fresh cow manure,

then placed on his front porch where they were set afire, after which the boys yelled "Fire" and carried on until the man ran out to see what the trouble was. Seeing the burning bags, he hurried stomped and trampled them to put out the flames only to find he was wallowing in excretion which not only covered his feet and pants cuffs but the porch floor as well.

Wes Kindig, a close friend of mine, wished to go with me to acquire some Ohio Pipestone as he knew I had taken some from the Indian quarry pits near Portsmouth, Ohio, back in 1940. He felt sure I could go directly to the source without any inconvenience or trouble, and so did I.

Arriving at the farm on which the pipestone deposit was located, I felt lost — a new super highway cut through the front yard and the old plantation house was empty and falling apart. What a sickening sight! Finally, I noticed the old lane which took us near the pipestone back in the Forties but it was little used at this late date. Although it was raining and the road was muddy, we started for our destination but found ourselves mired in sticky mud. After considerable maneuvering and pushing, we extricated the "Imperial" and decided to try a different route.

Upon inquiry we found the road was now changed and it passed directly through the Pipestone deposit. We were able to drive the car over a hard road to within a few feet of the rock deposit we desired. The muddy clothes, strained tempers and stuck auto were really unnecessary but all a part of an archaeologist's lot.

One of the men was on a precarious slope quarrying some much sought for red pipestone while Wes was taking movies of his activities. Several large blocks fell from the top and we stopped to load these so Wes called up, "Don't fall now as I can't take pictures of you until this stone is loaded."

On another trip, Wes and I were in the Muskingum river valley, near McConnellsville, searching for a rock supposedly bearing L. Wetzel's name crudely cut into its surface. We asked about it in town and country with no success but finally a local historian sent us to see a farmer who owned the land at the head of a valley where the rock might be located.

We found this farmer and he said his son knew where the rock was but he was in Georgia and was never coming back— he was in the Army and going to Viet-Nam where he would be killed. This helped no one and our hopes died again. To

make it worse it had rained for two days and was still raining hard so we could not beat the brush hunting for it.

The farmer was only interested in money and he said, "When you find it, then what? It will be worth a fortune, won't it"? We tried to explain our interest was purely historical and not financial but to no avail. He tried to sell us his farm for twice what it was worth and was still trying as we drove away, doggedly admitting defeat.

A local antique dealer related a happenstance while we were discussing business. It seems the lady was offered an opportunity to buy the contents of a very old homestead. The heirs arranged to meet her at the intersection of two State highways at a specified time and date. The farm was nearby and they would go there together. Now our buyer was early so she decided that must be the house back near the river and she would go in and look things over before the new owners arrived.

She walked in, looked at the furniture, opened drawers, closets, etc. Upstairs she found and used the bathroom and did more looking but found no antiques. Looking out of an upstairs window she noticed the heirs parked at the intersection waiting for her so she left the house and drove to meet them. Here she told them, "There are no damn antiques in that house — just junk. What in hell do you mean dragging me out here on a 'wild goose chase' "?

He laughed and said, "You were in the wrong house and if those Hillbillies had come in and found you they would have shot you full of holes.

On one of our trips we stopped at a small town for breakfast. When the waitress, who was also the owner, took my order she asked how I wanted my eggs. I replied, "Once over lightly." As she served the eggs I noticed both were broken. She smiled and said, "I turned them over once but I guess not too lightly."

That night it was rainy and foggy so we took the first motel rooms available. These were not bad but far from first class. We had connecting rooms with a single bath which provided amply for our comforts. I commented to Wes that he should awaken me if I got to snoring in the night.

An Air Force officer had checked into the room next to ours and shortly after I made the remark about snoring, Wes

called me into his room and there, coming through the paper-thin walls, was snoring the like of which neither of us had ever heard. It sounded as though he were competing with a jet plane. Wes smiled as he said, "So you thought your snoring would bother me. Forget it right now for you are out of the race."

The following morning before starting out with the car, Wes raised the rear view mirror so he could better see the road behind. As the day wore on, I noticed he continued to lower it from time to time. Being curious, I asked why and he informed me that he settled down as he tired more and more throughout the day. Logical but an innovation to me.

The Indian Relic Collectors Society, later changed to, Archaeological Society of Ohio, met once each year at our place, Indian Ridge Museum. Mrs. Vietzen always served a delicious dinner to all persons attending. On one occasion two very close friends of mine were seated at the same table. After dinner one of these came to me laughing his head off. Between his bursts of hilarity he was able to tell us that Tom had put "main-eggs" (mayonnaise) in his coffee as he thought it was thick cream and although advised of his error he simply stirred his coffee and drank it that way. Now, I laughed but more because of the "main-eggs" pronunciation than about Tom's mistake. At this writing both of these good friends have gone to their reward.

In conversation with a Jewish friend who was a very successful promoter, I mentioned the oil boom in our county and showed him a vial of crude oil from a nearby gusher well. He informed me that he had a working agreement with God for all things above ground but not for those below for here dwelled the Devil and nothing would go right if he drilled for oil or mined for ores. He had made a covenant and was keeping it.

Another collector and myself planned to journey to central Ohio to see a man's collection of Indian artifacts so not wishing to make a "wild goose chase" we telephoned to see if he would be at home. He was elated to hear of our visit but hastened to inform us that it was too wet and cold to go "flintin' " so we would have to be content to be arm chair archaeologists. This was the first and only time I had heard

the term, flintin' to designate surface hunting for Indian artifacts but the more I thought about it the better I liked this homespun expression. It is akin to "Shakin' the bushes."

I was seated in my car waiting for an auction sale at a local general store to start when a couple I had conversed with at several sales, parked their car beside mine. I opened the door and quipped, "There are no antiques for sale here." The gentleman retorted, "Oh no, I suppose you are here to buy vegetables." Everyone knew I attended sales to buy for the museum and vegetables I grow.

A friend of mine was closing up his antique shop to go to lunch just as I drove up. I called out to him, "You can't make any money that way." Looking up with a grin he retorted, "I am 62½ years old and if I haven't got it by this time I never will and besides I guess I don't need much money nohow."

After hearing my illustrated talk on the exploration of an Indian cave, two friends became very enthusiastic about finding a cave containing Indian remains which could be excavated. One of the men heard of such a cave so on their day off they started into the hill country to locate this great cavern and as one of the would-be cave explorers said, "I went along to escape painting the bathroom."

The cave location was approached by the long route as one farm owner was not too friendly toward trespassers and it was advisable to travel farther and be safer. It was reported that this farmer had, on occasion, met hunters with a double barreled shotgun and threatened to use it if they did not stay off his farm. They wanted none of this old meany.

After miles of walking, often up steep hillsides, the cave was reached and digging started. Rocks had fallen from the ceiling for centuries and these covered the floor making work very difficult and tiring. The happy amateurs worked like beavers for hours before giving up and starting for home. No Indian artifacts would need to be carried as they found none.

The sun had set and they were dead tired. There was an argument about the direction to take to reach the car but as one said, "I felt it was wrong but the bathroom painting might not be finished so I went along without too much dissension."

The result was they were completely lost and darkness was falling fast. In their circling and back tracking, they finally saw a light and going to the farmhouse were surprised that here is where they had parked their car.

All was well, they were tired but the bathroom was painted when they arrived home.

Chet, one of the archaeologists working on the Riker Site near New Philadelphia, Ohio, had exposed an Indian skeleton too late in the day so it had to be left overnight. The skull was carefully covered with newspapers and plastic and surely nothing would disturb the remains before daylight when the workers would return to the site. So we reasoned.

Alas, when Chet arrived on the following day he noticed rabbit fur, fox tracks and signs of a struggle near the covered Indian skull. With misgivings, he hurriedly uncovered the skeletal remains only to find the life and death struggle between fox and rabbit had completely crushed the cranium. With acres of land to hunt over, Mr. Fox had to catch his supper here. Not many Indians had their heads crushed by a fox.

A sales bill, issued by a farmer living a few miles south of me, stated a large collection of Indian relics would be offered for sale, so a friend and I hurried to the location on the appointed day. We wished to look over the collection thoroughly before the sale started. The relics were in the house in four cardboard boxes which produced, upon examination, several very desirable specimens such as a large white Adena spearhead, another Adena point of very colorful Flint Ridge material, a Paleo-Indian (clovis) projectile point and other fine pieces.

The artifacts were to remain in the house until these would be sold from the porch as all purchasers and bidders remained outside in a biting cold wind made more miserable by snow which continued to fall from time to time. After four hours of waiting under these conditions, the relics made their appearance, not in the four original boxes but now in five. For some reason an extra box, but no additional relics, made the scene. These boxes were placed on a table on the porch.

Now the bidding started on one box at a time but the bidder could take any one or all boxes for the price he offered

for one. My bid bought this right. Wanting all of them and not knowing which boxes contained the finer specimens I had seen before the sale, I took all of them at a very fancy price. We immediately locked the relics in the trunk of the car and returned to purchase other items.

When the sale was finished, we drove home, carried the boxes into the museum laboratory where we examined their contents. Alas, no good specimens remained — these apparently were removed by members of the family who were guarding the relics so the public could not steal any. By adding a fifth box and dividing the relics, these dishonest scoundrels hoped to cover up their unscrupulous actions. It was their hope that different parties would buy the boxes and no one would ever know of their foul deed.

We immediately went back to the owner and confronted him but he would do nothing — not even say he was sorry. He was in a hurry to go to church that evening and I am sure he needed to go for such shenanigans would need plenty of atonement and prayers for forgiveness.

When an old master can be taken in by trusting what appeared to be good Christian people, the novice must take warning ere this or worse should happen to him.

On a late autumn night our family was awakened by the baying of the family dog. The dog's persistent barking seemed to come from the pasture lot behind the barn and Dad finally decided something was amiss so he dressed and went to see what the dog was fussing about. As he reached the dog, a raccoon ran up his body and perched on his shoulder. Being so startled by the animal's actions along with the darkness, Dad quickly grabbed the raccoon and threw him to the ground where old Jack, the dog, soon chewed all signs of life from the unfortunate creature.

Dad carried the dead raccoon to the house where examination revealed a collar about its neck. The poor ringtail was someone's pet and had looked to Dad for protection from the dog. Everyone in the family was a bit shaken by the unusual happening but it was too late to rectify what was done.

A wild, hard drinking, two fisted, boastful, coon hunter living in the next county was often in heated debate and regularly called upon to defend his bragging about the number of raccoons he had caught. Because he was easily irritated

and ever ready to engage in an exchange of abusive words, the boys in the local bar intentionally tried to provoke him.

One day when he was bragging someone said he had never seen a coon caught by him and he did not believe he had ever caught one.

This made the hunter very irate so he left saying, "All right. I will show you smart alecs."

At dawn that morning the hunter and his dogs had chased a raccoon into a driveway tile where they left the animal, figuring to come back in the evening to pick up the trail and have more sport and possibly treeing the animal where it would be easily shot and captured.

Our hunter took a burlap sack and his wife's clothes pole to the drain tile, fastened the sack on one end and poked the coon into the sack from the opposite end. Tieing the sack securely he carried it to the saloon where he dumped the frightened animal in the middle of the room saying, "There, you bastards, is your coon."

Bottles and glasses broke, tables were overturned and all hell broke loose as the animal ran and jumped trying to escape. After the place was nearly wrecked, the hunter pulled out a pistol and shot the raccoon, calmly picked up the dead animal and left for home.

Never again did they doubt his ability as a coon hunter.

I was guiding a group of Indian Guides through the museum when one of the little boys, upon seeing the skeletal material, asked where I got all of the skulls. In answer to his question I explained that I was an archaeologist and my work was digging up the Indian remains for study purposes. With wide eyes he looked up and said, "And then you skin them"? This called for more explaining, which only succeeding in confusing him more and more. Little children should be taken to the zoos but not to adult museums.

A very dear friend of mine detested shopping with his wife but she just loved to have him along to carry the packages and discuss her purchases. He was able to escape for most of the year but at Christmas time there was no way out so with reluctance and considerable grumbling he played the dutiful husband and accompanied his frau on her round of the stores.

In one of the fine ladies' apparel shops, he noticed a beautiful flimsy negligee which he told the clerk to wrap for them. His wife protested but he insisted that the clerk wrap it and he would take it. His wife very emphatically said she would not wear it under any conditions and she did not want it. He again told the clerk to wrap it and turning to his wife exclaimed, "That is all right, Honey, if you don't want it I will take it home to my wife."

Her embarrassment as she saw the saleslady arch her eyebrows was the last straw. Never again did she ask him to go shopping with her.

Jar from Cliff-House, New Mexico.

FIG. II

Tar burner in Columbiana County, Ohio. Pine tar and pitch was extracted by burning green boughs on this rock. Grooves caught the pitch and channeled it to a container at the edge of the rock.

FIG. III
Mojohn's cabin at Catawba Island, Ohio. Here lived one of the last Ottawa Indians in this area.

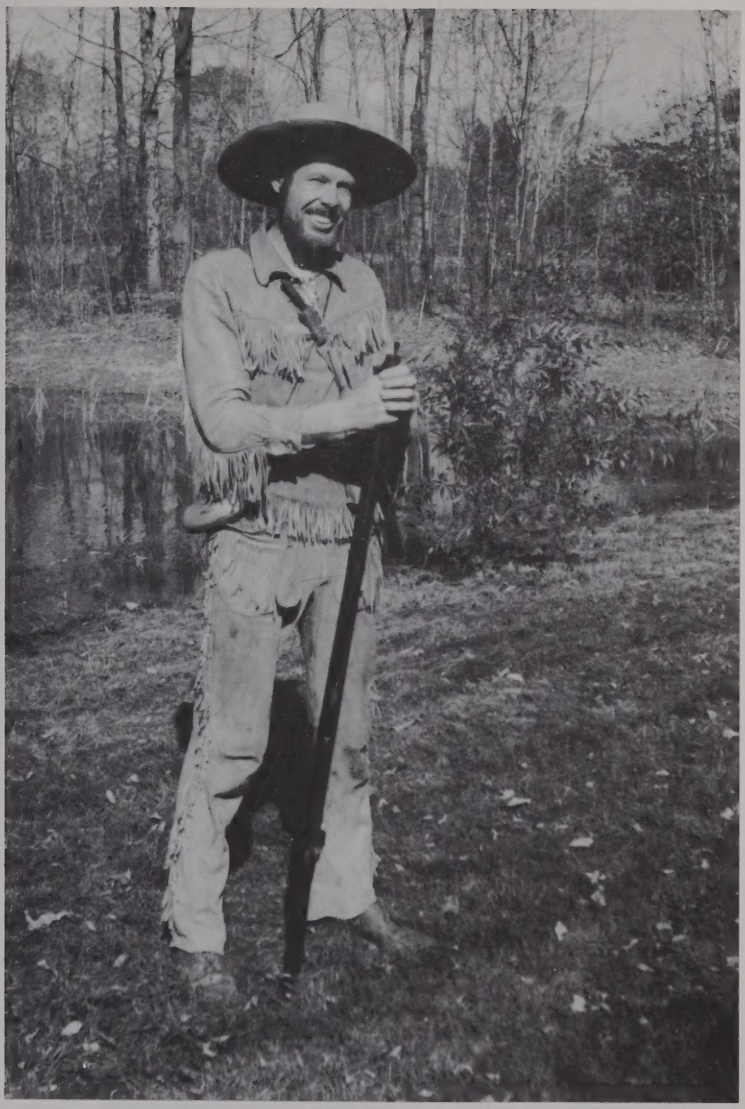


FIG. IV

Mountain Man. Dan Kindig of Lodi, Ohio with his trusty flintlock rifle. He engaged in competitive shooting matches at Indian Ridge Museum on several occasions.

FIG. V
Albin Elchert log cabin near New Riegel, Ohio.

Chapter III

ALBIN ELCHERT STORIES

An old German friend had many delightful expressions and mannerisms. On occasions he would say, "Raymond, yu go in der room, in der middle tru und den you see der relicks."

Another time his daughter was serving some beer and refreshments but as she was about to hand me a drink he said very excitedly, "Nein, nein don't do dat he ist temperance, give him soda pop."

When Dr. T. Hugh Young called on him while a guest of mine, the good doctor selected a number of birdstones and other fine relics which he arrayed on the bed. Doc inquired as to the price wanted for the entire lot. Much to my surprise, even though my German friend was a relic dealer, he calmly said, "Ach, I guess I don't sell dem," and that ended the deal.

Weeks later I was visiting with my friend and he said, "Dat Doctor make mit die big eyes ven I say I don't sell dose relics." "He is used to having his own vay und now I surprize him." I agreed by saying, "Jah! Jah! Mein herr."

We were examining a beautiful bust type birdstone with evtremely large eyes, one of which was missing. As he fondled the artifact he commented, "Efen mit one eye off, I giff fife dollars for it."

One day he bought a lovely barber bottle from an Italian barber and not wishing to break it asked the barber for some packing and wrapping materials. This perturbed the barber and as he threw down a box and some paper said, "Now you maka da money on da bottle."

He was riding through the countryside with another German in search of Indian relics. This was in the pre-automobile era so the buying trip was made in a horse drawn buggy. On their first stop a very large pestle was secured. This was placed on the seat between them and whenever they met someone the partner would brandish the pestle and ask, "Half you got any Indian relicks"? Most would ask what is that? Then he laughed and replied, "Das ist ein hominy stomper." Usually these trips involved several days with meals and lodging acquired from farm homes along the way. Strangers were ever welcome for they brought news and a

change from the drab daily routine of back country farm life.

Often the buggy box was filled to overflowing with the finest of Indian artifacts and at a cost which would be considered a pittance today.

A German doctor often called at my friends's home to buy Indian relics and there were times when I met him there. His wife always accompanied him but would spend her time visiting with the ladies in the living room which adjoined the relic room. His wife resented the money spent for relics so the doctor tried to keep her from knowing how much was involved. He was a heavy tobacco chewer and if we talked too loud about the price of a relic he would gasp and say, "My Vife, My Vife" as he almost swallowed his chew and strangled — then a dash for the back door where he released his accumulated tobacco juice. This would occur at least two or three times on every visit so we often referred to him as, My Vife, My Vife.

Being of pure German extraction, I loved this Heidelberg area, its people and its customs. It was my contact with the Old World and enriched my life in many ways. Fundamentally their ways were the ways of my ancestors, which were inborn traits of my true nature.

One day Mr. Elchert and his friend stopped to inquire about Indian relics from a farm family who was husking corn in the field. While talking to them the two collectors noticed arrowheads and spearheads lying on the ground around the corn shocks. Some rather large specimens were sticking up out of the earth. Mr. Elchert said he could hardly wait to ask permission to gather up the flint harvest but upon asking he was told that these Indian flints must not be taken or bad luck would come to the family and any who molested the relics. These belonged to the Indians and were sacred so such things must not be taken by white man.

Elchert's comment to his partner as they walked to their horse and buggy was, "Ach, such damlicka foolishness. They must be crazy in der head."

A German friend of mine said he had a dog who went down cellar to bed whenever he outens die light.

My dear old German friend was giving me directions to a fellow collector's home. These were his words — "Raymond, you go ober to der Bull Frog Road var die Irish church burned down und dats var you vil find him. Jah! he lives over dar mit dose Irishers."

Mr. Elchert told me his father was a carpenter in Germany and when he first came to America he built log barns in Kentucky where his talents were greatly appreciated.

After working on a barn for several days his English employer asked if he was near finished with the job. This aggravated the old German and he quickly informed the owner with these words, "Das ist Eichen nicht Tannenbaum." Translated this means the barn was being built of oak logs not Christmas tree or pine ones.

An important old German gave his hired man these orders. "You do what my wife says but I am the boss."

C.S.A. Cannon and the Colonel.

FIG. VI
Tymochtee Cabin at Indian Ridge Museum.

FIG. VII
Mull Covered Bridge near Bettsville, Ohio.

FIG. VIII
The old harness maker at Cooperstown, Ohio.

FIG. IX
Alex Justice, northern Ohio's last pioneer.

Chapter IV

SENECA RESERVATION STORIES

Erection of Kinzua Dam in Pennsylvania made it necessary for me to spend considerable time in the Allegheny river valley both in this state and New York. Flood waters would eventually cover much of Chief Cornplanter's domain and many of his descendants would be displaced and their homes and lands inundated because the white man wished it so.

Salvage of the remnants of a way of life soon to be forgotten was my prime objective but preservation of some antiquities and hand crafts was important. While accomplishing my mission I met many fine Seneca Indians with whom Mrs. Vietzen and I visited in their homes and often broke bread with them. Several bestowed gifts upon us revealing a kindness which few white men give the Indian credit for. I can well believe the early explorers and settlers found the Indians kind and generous. It would seem that the greed of the European made the Indian resentful and eventually a bitter enemy.

My story is roving astray as I intended to refer only to a Seneca woman's expression after I made her a present of some little item. Her words were "Donka Schein" which is thank you in German. She said she thought I was of German extraction so used this term in accepting the gift. I asked how she knew German and she informed me with pride that Peter Kraus was captured by the Senecas at a very early date and lived among them as one of their people. She was directly descended from this Teuton and his language was learned and handed down through his Seneca descendants.

These kindly folk gave us vegetables from their garden, canned wild huckleberries and other things to take back to our home. We shared their iced tea on a hot summer afternoon and their coffee on chilly days. Part of my heart stayed in the Allegheny Valley and Salamanca will always be dear to me.

Vivian, a young Seneca woman at Salamanca, whom I grew to know quite well, explained some of the Seneca ways of life. She had lost her mother-in-law and I noticed she was

not smoking on this day. She said the Senecas grieved for their dead for ten days refraining from all pleasures such as smoking, drinking, love making and feasting. After the mourning period had passed it was time for feasting and joy. This was late afternoon of the tenth day but she would not partake of a soft drink or any but the bare necessities of life until the sun was set.

Such devotion to one's religion and customs must be respected. Deep feelings and strong loyalties seem more a part of the Indian than such virtues are to our race.

I found most Indians would rather have objects burned and consumed by fire than to have these pass into unloving hands where such would be abused and regarded in a disrespectful manner. If you treasure what they treasured it will surely be well cared for, they reason.

When first I viewed Chief Cornplanter's monument there was a crooked tree limb with a tattered U.S. flag tied in a haphazard manner to the top of a stone column which honored this great American Indian. Eventually I met the man who placed the flag there. He lived about two miles away on the bank of the Allegheny River, sharing a house trailer with his Seneca wife. He told me he once inherited nearly a million dollalrs but crooked attorneys and liquor soon made him just another poor man and I could see all that he now owned. He had served as a policeman and drew a small pension on which he and his wife existed. In the winter they would go to Oklahoma with their trailer, if the old car could make it. I bought baskets and sassafras roots from them to take back home.

An Indian chief had two fine sons and he loved them very much. One was known as Morning Sun and the other was Falling Rocks. They were the pride and joy of his life and when they grew to young manhood he sent them into the forest to learn the ways of the birds and animals and all the plants. When they had learned their lessons, each should return to the tribe where they would recount their activities and be questioned by the elders.

Morning Sun returned after a year but his brother did not. Search parties were sent out again and again but none found Falling Rocks. Even at this late date no one has found him but the search is still on and when you are in hill country you will see signs, "Watch For Falling Rocks."

An Italian family lived on the bank of the Allegheny River in New York State and their outdoor toilet was perched precariously near the water. Once during flood season when the water was very high the lady of the house became quite alarmed that the privy might be in danger. She wrung her hands and mumbled prayers that the "Littly House" might be spared as it was so important.

While working among the Seneca Indians in New York, my colleague and I took a motel room at Salamanca. We requested a room with two full-sized beds and the manager assured us of the finest he had. We registered without looking at the accommodations and then went directly to the room to clean up before going to dinner.

As we opened the door, a large black cat leaped from one bed and rushed out the door as if the Devil was close behind. The owner's wife expressed great delight for she thought her pet was killed by a car as she had not seen it all day. Apparently the cat was in the room when she cleaned it in the morning and then was unknowingly shut in until we opened the door.

Yes, under the bed was cat excretion which the lady promptly cleaned up and, of course, she could not apologize enough.

As we were eating our evening meal my friend said, "No one will believe us when we tell them we got a room with double beds and pussy for only twelve dollars."

When my Seneca Indian friends saw my heavily bearded colleague, they jokingly said, "He good. We scalp him twice — once on head and once on face; but one Indian woman said, "He looks distinguished."

A former ambulance, which resembled a hearse, was our conveyance on one of our trips to the Cornplanter reservation and many interesting things happened to us there.

On one occasion we drove up to the office of a large motel where no cars were as yet parked before the rooms. It was only four o'clock and no one had stopped for the night.

As we walked in, the elderly Polish owner quickly said, "I have no rooms, nothing at all." We wondered at this but decided he thought we had a hearse with a human body in transit and he did not want the vehicle and cargo at his motel as it would scare away other lodgers.

If he only knew, we had five cannons, guns, dinner bells and hundreds of gift items to sell at the museum.

A young filling station attendant looked in the rear of the ambulance as he was filling the gas tank and noted the unusual cargo of cannons, guns, etc. Looking at me, he smilingly asked, "Is this vehicle still being used for what it was originally intended"?

Beaver effigy pot — Cahokia mound, E. St. Louis, Ill.
Dug by the author.

FIG. X
Shakin' the Bushes in a Model "T."

FIG. XI
Author and Colleague near Flint Ridge.

Chapter V

SHAKIN' THE BUSHES

The title for this chapter was borrowed from two dear friends, Eugene Curtiss, Sr. and Henry Hassler, who always referred to Indian relic hunting as going out "shakin' the bushes." Being a descriptive phrase for this avocation, I deemed it apt and proper for this book of anecdotes, humorous situations and tall tales. These tales were gathered while engaged in archaeological research in the southern states. All are true stories unaltered except for names and places.

Leaving Lewisburg, Kentucky early one morning, I found I must fill my gas tank before going too far on our homeward trek. As always the car was loaded to capacity and beyond making the rear end squat and the springs work in reverse. I found a newly constructed garage and filling station along the highway so pulled in to fill the tank. A stupid looking individual greeted me and while supplying the gasoline he commented on the heavy load and asked me what I did for a living. I told him I was an archaeologist and the car was loaded with scientific materials. He took my money for the gasoline and I noticed he was puzzled and speechless. As he handed me my change he asked, "Just what church did you say you were with"? I informed him I was not with any church, I was an archaeologist. I never will forget his confused look as I drove away. I believe he thought I was an evangelist.

Working on an Indian site located on a southern prison farm proved educational in ways other than archaeological. First, permits for the car and all members of our crew must be obtained at the warden's office. This accomplished, a fine gentleman, probably a former bank president or executive, opened a gate allowing us to drive through the prison grounds and on to the farm buildings and over lanes which led to the river and our destination. As we passed some of the stock barns, we were shocked to see many male prisoners indulging in unnatural sex acts, a practice which had become so commonplace as to be accepted. The participants were unabashed by our presence.

In passing the women's prison, which was isolated and some distance from the main buildings, we were greeted by shrieking, pleading, sex-hungry women trying to reach out through the barred fence to grasp any bit of male company from the outside. These females, some of them very beautiful women, begged for kisses and caresses in a manner indescribable. Here were women reduced to caged female animals, wild with desire for male companionship. Is this the right way? Are we rehabilitating these unfortunate beings or are we turning them into beasts? I do not know and neither do our prison wardens.

As I worked on the Indian graves along the river, beyond the sound of their voices, I thought much about their condition and often I looked to the prison on the hill and wondered whether the souls whose remains I was removing and studying were not more advanced in many ways than modern man. At least it is thought provoking.

In the days when tourist cottages were few and far between and before motels were invented, Ruth and I had taken another couple from Steubenville, Ohio with us to do some research work at Lost City in southwestern Kentucky. Late in the day we tried to find accommodations and not having too much success we settled for an unfinished cottage for the Vietzens while our friends stayed in a room in the home.

Mrs. V. has always been concerned about bed bugs, roaches, ants, spiders, etc. in strange beds and their transfer to our luggage and eventually to home sweet home. The other couple knew of her dislike so at once the man kidded her until she refused to roll back the sheet and blankets to check the bed. In the morning her ankle was badly swollen from bites made by spiders who had a nest in the bed exactly where her ankle could irritate these insects.

Before retiring that night we found the door latch not working so the owner looked at it, called to his daughter, "Betty Lou, you awll fetch me a hamma." Betty Lou came in toting a sledge hammer which he said we could put against the door to keep it from blowing open.

The night was cold but we had a good fire which we amply fed from an enormous wood pile at the side of the cottage. Everything about the place had the typical nostalgic background of old Kentucky but yet it had an austere primitive air about it which made a stranger a bit uneasy.

We were awakened during the night by strange noises which at first sounded like someone pushing open the propped door. After listening to it for several minutes and deciding that no one was about to take our money, I got out of bed, opened the door and surveyed the situation. In the moonlight I saw the family pet, a fox terrier dog, furiously attacking the mountainous pile of firewood in pursuit of a rat or other pesky varmint. So back to sleep.

Our traveling companions said they always got up very early so they would come out and wake us in the morning. This was agreeable but when they came from the house we were packed and loaded with the car engine warming up. We asked how they slept and found they nearly froze before finding a fur coat and other garments in a closet which they used as extra covers.

We bought some muskmelons to eat as part of our breakfast but found that although Vern loved them such were poison to him. He ate more than any of us and got sick as a dog, but lived and said he still enjoyed them.

Vern and Florence were two of the finest traveling companions we ever were privileged to know. Nothing was ever so bad but we laughed about it and looked forward to whatever life offered.

Touring Mississippi with Dr. Young and his charming wife, we found ourselves spending the night at a beautiful motel in Corinth. Not only was the motel elegant and complete with swimming pool and all the fixin's but here was a shopping center which catered to every traveler's needs and desires.

At the restaurant I consumed a record 26 hush puppies along with a full center slice of ham at least a half inch in thickness. Mrs. Young had seen me eat hush puppies in Nashville but never to this extent and she never forgot that evening meal. Of course I had not eaten for at least 10 hours.

Hush puppies acquired their name in a rather commonplace way. Coming in from a fox hunt, dogs and men entered the dining room together and as the hunters ate, the hungry dogs would whine, whimper and beg. To quiet them, the men handed each a piece of the little corn bread saying, now hush puppy.

I had a great desire to own a Confederate battle flag so after dinner Dr. Young and I went to the gift shop where

several elegantly dressed ladies were making purchases. The good Doctor from Nashville told the clerk he had here with him a Yankee from Ohio who wished to buy a Confederate flag. We shook hands in greeting and in due time I had my flag. A fine looking southern lady stepped up to me and said, "So you awl are from Ohio"? "Well, I am from Mississippi and down here we awl think this still the best flag in the United States." I smiled and said yes mam, I am a southern Colonel and no damn Yankee no more.

At the Shiloh Battle Field the museum director allowed me to take the famous Shiloh Mound human effigy pipe out of the case for photographic purposes. This I photographed by natural light on the lawn near the old post office site. I have never found finer or more hospitable people than those I associated with in the southern states. The gracious hospitality and polished manners of the southerner makes the northern people appear more like backwoodsmen.

Stopping in Adairville, Ky. at a second hand store to look for relics and old books, proved not only fruitful but added another story to this book. Joe Page, of Lewisburg, Ky., and I entered the store where we were greeted by an elderly gentleman who offered to help us. I stated my interests and desires and he said "this way, please" so we followed him rather closely. He accidentally stepped on some garden rakes which were leaning against the wall and one of these struck him in the head with such force he nearly fell. Half stunned he grabbed his head and cried, "Oh God, Oh God, not again!" We rushed to him and led him to a chair where his senses eventually returned.

He never said so but Joe and I agreed that at first he thought we had struck him and were about to rob his cash register. Years later we still joke about our first meeting.

Adairville is the site where Andrew Jackson fought his famous duel. Dueling was unlawful in Nashville so the party came north into Kentucky where the duel was fought.

Thousands of interesting things happened in areas where we were engaged in archaeological research and many of them are worthy of relating. Not all are humorous for many are pathetic and often gruesome.

A rather strange story unfolded itself as we returned to our base one evening. The people of this small southern

community were all aghast over the discovery of a human skeleton in a remote wooded area. Vultures had led a curious hunter to the remains of a young lad who had been missing for many months. Nothing remained with the bones but a .22 cal. rifle, which had taken his life, and strips of blue denim overalls. The vultures had done their work well and the detached skull had rolled down the bank where it reposed some distance away from the bones of the body.

From the gun and clothing remnants, identification was made. The boy was the son of a prominent local family. His father wished the boy to be well-educated but the son hated school and said he would rather die than attend classes. No one thought the lad actually felt so strongly about it but his suicide in the brush among his favorite hunting grounds proved his determination.

Such a waste of young life — a lad born too late in history. He belonged to the era of Daniel Boone and not the Atomic age.

A slightly retarded boy, making his home with friends of ours, was having a difficult time with his school work. He was a handsome lad but lacked the power to assimilate book-learning. Mrs. Vietzen and others tried hard to help him with his studies but their efforts seemed completely wasted.

One evening he was struggling with a study of the human body and the skeletal components. He studied the required text, which dealt with the spinal column but when his would-be teachers asked him what the backbone was called he said, "Ramrod." They corrected him and he said and wrote spine over and over again. One hour later they asked him again, feeling sure this time he would remember, but alas, he muttered, "Ramrod."

One of my Kentucky colleagues had three darling daughters whom he doted on. When they married, one chose a doctor, one a preacher and the other an undertaker. He often said jokingly that he was all set for no matter what happened he would be cared for in a proper manner. I jolted him some when I said it was too bad he did not have another daughter so she could marry an attorney, but that good Baptist deacon never intended to need a lawyer's services.

During World War II years, I was excavating in the floor of the rock shelter at "Lost City" near Lewisburg, Kentucky.

Our regular crew was working and in addition Allen Brown, a stockholder in Lost City, Inc., flew down from Chicago for a few days.

The shelter had been tested 20 years previously by other archaeologists who said there was no evidence of primitive man to be found there. I had studied the nature of Mud River which flowed beside the rock shelter and found that several times each year flood waters covered the cave floor leaving deposits of silt and sand throughout the centuries which passed since prehistoric man made his home there. Over two feet of silt covered the kitchen midden and the earlier archaeologists had not gone deep enough with their test trenches.

I removed many interesting burials and artifacts which added much knowledge to the field of anthropology but my story hinges on a remark made by Allen Brown. He told Ervin Gibbs, "Ray could find Indian graves in the middle of Michigan Blvd. in downtown Chicago if he tried." Mr. Gibbs said, "I awll bet he could."

My greatest enjoyment of the rock shelter dig occurred as I watched Allen eat country bacon cooked over an open fire, along with rich buttered biscuits, green onions and potato salad. Butter and meats were rationed and Allen said he hadn't had enough of either for over a year. He ate and ate and long after everyone else returned to work he was cooking bacon and eating. It was wonderful to see a man enjoying such simple food as much as those prehistoric beings had done at this very spot many centuries before.

The purchase of Dr. T. Hugh Young's large totem pole in Nashville, Tennessee necessitated a trip to this city to transport the antiquity to our establishment in Ohio. Everything went very well until we finished our research work in southern Kentucky after which we started for home. The day of departure was beautiful with nary a storm cloud in sight but just south of Bloomfield, Ky. we were trapped by high water caused by a flash flood. A cloudburst had put the streams out of their banks and in places two feet of water covered the highway. Most cars had their engines drowned out and had to be pulled out of the water by tractors driven by negro lads who had the time of their lives. Being new and as tight as a boat, our car body floated on the water relieving the tremendous load which had rested on the springs. We were forced to

stop at a higher point on the highway so had little difficulty in keeping the engine running.

After waiting for an hour or more, the fence high, swirling waters receded enough for some of us to go on our way, though with great caution. It took nearly a hundred miles of driving to dry out the brakes enough to work efficiently, a condition not to my liking. I believe being caught in a flash flood with a totem pole, Indian skeletons and relics might be considered an innovation.

One of my purchases in Nashville, Tennessee was an old Confederate cannon used during the Civil War in the defense of this city. I requested my friend Joe Page of Lewisburg, Ky. to transport the cannon to his farm where it could be stored in the tobacco barn until such time as I would haul it and other items to northern Ohio. Joe went to Nashville, where he loaded the gun intact on his pickup truck. The barrel was pointed to the rear making it appear most formidable to all who followed him.

Joe said he nearly tied up traffic and caused near pandemonium in this southern metropolis. Perhaps it was fortunate that I was a southern Colonel or I never could have taken a rebel gun back north with me.

A near catastrophe for this writer occurred at the Sam Davis Memorial Home at Smyrna, Tennessee when I looked into the bore of an old Civil War cannon. A startled bird, who had a nest inside the barrel, flew into my face narrowly missing my eye which could have been badly injured. Since that time, I place my hand before my face whenever inspecting the bores of cannon barrels.

While visiting in Tennessee during the Halloween season, we were often amused by the young folk. On beggar's night they reacted in much the same manner as children do in the North. We were quietly conversing and examining some fine Indian relics when someone rang the door bell. Our hostess opened the door and was confronted by a group of kids in various garbs and costumes. Their first and traditional greeting was "trick or treat" so there was naught to do but fill them up with cakes and candies. One of the larger kids was dressed in girl's clothing and sported breasts which stood out like headlamps on an automobile. Something seemed to tickle this girl as she wiggled and bounced these prominent pro-

tuberances but the joke was too good and, giggling and laughing she blurted out, "I'm not a she — I'm a he — these are tennis balls — my older sister fixed me up this way." Well, we damn near busted laughing and I think we had more fun than the kids did.

A rather frugal relic dealer had tried to purchase some Indian relics from one of our prominent Kentucky archaeologists but because of a considerable difference of opinion as to their worth no business was done. Being a friend of both these men, I was enabled to hear both sides of the story which was like all others where the buyer wants things too cheap and the seller wants too much. The funny angle of this story was the unusual expression I heard for the first time. In joking the seller about the attempted deal he remarked, "That ole coot tried to put my feet to the fire and, damn him, he couldn't get away with it. I'll throw everyone of them in the Mississippi River before I'll sell them to him for a little of nothing."

A Nashville collector was buying Indian relics in the back country where he met some peculiar farmers with even more peculiar ideas.

At one home they said they put the Injun darts in the stove and when these popped it scared the hawks off the chickens. Another farmer told of finding 150 arrows in one place in his field. All were sticking straight up and he was certain these were used for shooting ducks. Apparently he had found a cache.

A third farmer said if Indian flints were beat up and given to the chickens for grit it made them lay more eggs. He had found a cache of 40 flints but only two had escaped being crushed for chicken grit.

This collector was also a dealer in Indian relics and had a pet expression which went like this, "I have to make my one percent profit to stay in business." His one percent was 100 percent but he said there is no such thing. If you double your money you make one percent. So this is good business no matter what you call it.

Mr. Hassler told me of one back country hill farmer who said he destroyed all the Indian relics because they were haunted and caused his chickens to stop laying eggs.

Another farmer, who had lost most of his belongings and holdings during the Depression, said he used to be a collector of Indian relics but no more as bad luck befell all persons who fooled with such things. He cited his losses during the Depression as a good example but we were not impressed. Now if I have bad luck I will know what caused it because, in spite of his warning, I continued to collect Indian artifacts.

The following story was told to me by a collector friend and I have repeated it much as it was first narrated.

One day while in the backwoods of the hill country another Indian relic collector and myself became slightly lost. That is, we were not certain as to the shortest and safest route back to the highway, so sighting a cabin we proceeded to make for it hoping to secure our desired information there.

As we neared the cabin, we heard loud talking, cursing and arguing, therefore our approach was made with some caution. Feeling something was amiss we stealthily peered in the small window, the doors being tightly closed.

Our eyes seemed to play tricks on us for there was a naked man of about forty chasing a teen-age girl around the room which contained a bed. He was trying his best to drag her to the filthy bed but she fought like a tiger and again ran away from him.

From the conversation it was evident she was his daughter and her mother, who was helping coerce the girl, told her to go ahead and lay still as it would not hurt her and she might even like it.

The father said, "What in hell do you think I raised you for? Just so some young buck can have you first? Well, he can have you when I am through with you and not before."

Feeling we had already lingered too long we silently stole away for if discovered we might find more trouble than we could handle. Besides it was a family affair and the girl was holding her own so why meddle. We had our own worries but we finally got back to civilization.

While waiting in a southern home for a good friend to accompany us on a "dig," my companion and I were seated before a large pot-bellied stove, when in strolled a beautiful young woman in her bare feet. She smiled coyly, promptly plopped her plump little butt into a chair in front of us and proceeded to extend her gorgeous and shapely legs into a

pair of sheer silk hose all the while giving us a sweet come hither look. My colleague jumped up and said, "Ray, let's get to hell out of here before we get raped."

There follows a series of stories involving a simple-minded boy, whom I will call Billy. Billy lived in the hills of one of the southern states and as the years passed we became quite fond of one another. There was complete understanding between us and I believe he really thought of me as a second father.

When first we met, he was riding a bicycle with no tires on the wheels. Large rope was wired to the rims to serve in lieu of the traditional rubber tires. A cloudburst had filled the low areas of roads and paths with large puddles of water which he delighted in riding through at top speed to show me his ability and, of course, to salve his ego. About every third trip, he managed to flop, cycle and all, into the muddy water until he was completely saturated and covered with mud.

At this time he was only a boy but during the next thirty years I learned to know a lot about him.

During a period of his life, Billy would go upstairs in his home, open the window and play at being a radio announcer and disc jockey. He talked over the loud speaker for awhile then played hillbilly records or played his guitar and did his best at singing folk music. You could hear him for miles as his nostalgic sounds echoed from hill to hill and everyone smiled and said, "That's Billy again."

He was a dreamer living in a world of make-believe and surely God made such as he more happy than us saner folk.

At the local amateur show Billy was doing his best with song and guitar to capture the first prize but all the teenagers in the audience were heckling him and laughing so much he finally gave up in disgust and stomped off the stage uttering as he left, "Oh Shit." The mike was live and this brought down the house with laughter and applause. Because of this, Billy won the first prize.

He could imitate to perfection foxhounds on the trail of the elusive fox and many persons encouraged him to entertain them with his homespun antics.

A gun salesman for one of the large firearms companies was in town one day and, noticing targets with perfect bulls-eyes on every board fence, sign board and old building, was curious and quite impressed. At the local beanery he inquired

as to where he might find this sharpshooter. His company would like to hire this man as a sales representative. He was informed that it would be foolish to see Billy as he was not the type nor was he well enough educated to be a representative of the arms company. To this the salesman replied, "A man who can shoot like that can be ignorant as hell and we still need him." Well, he met Billy and one of his first questions was, "Tell me, Billy, how do you manage to always shoot perfect bullseyes"? Billy said, "Da, Da, Dats easy, I shoots first den draw de target."

In a bad fall, Billy broke several bones and for a time was confined to his bed where I visited with him during my stay near his home. He loved company and talked incessantly about anything he could think of and this was plenty. On one visit I took him a large box of caramels which he dearly loved but everyone accused me of giving him caramels to slow down his running conversation which was burning my ears and interferring with the conversation of others in the room. This was not premeditated but the results were good.

A fire broke out in an upstairs room of Billy's parent's house and everyone was gathered to fight the blaze and stop it from spreading and consuming the entire edifice. Billy rushed into his bedroom, carried out his guitar, phonograph, records and flashlight then returned to the blazing area and calmly watched while family and neighbors fought to save the house. He never turned a hand or made any effort to help. Later when asked why he did not help he said, "I liked to see it burn but it didn't get going good enough."

Billy was an interested spectator whenever I was taking pictures and especially if I made some movies. Once he said, "Ole Boy, you can make a movie of me and call it, 'Playboy of Dullville.'" "You can make the picture and show it and I will give you half of all the money you make on it." He was certain it would make both of us millionaires.

My introduction to one of the Kentucky Indian sites was rather hair raising but it ended without mishap. My late friend Ervin Gibbs advised me to leave my new auto at his home and ride in an old car, which had seen its best and a little more. The terrain and creek fording would be too much for a low slung modern car so I agreed. We were on our way, streams were forded, rocks in the road were ducked or hit, depending whether or not we zigged or zagged at the right moment, then we headed down a steep hill into the river

valley. At the crest Ervin kicked the car out of gear and said, "We ride free on the hills in this country." The car picked up speed as we rolled down hill and then I noticed it had no brakes so my friend simply maneuvered the vehicle into a sliding position which made us travel cross-wise to the road more than with it. We ended up at the brink of the cliff overlooking Mud River. The rock shelter we wished to enter was directly below us.

Inspection of the car revealed that one tie-rod end which had been wired in place, pulled loose and must now be rewired to make the steering gear work. That evening Mrs. Vietzen and I walked up the hill. We said we wished to take some pictures along the way. Ervin made it fine as did the old car.

During my first night at Lost City in the old Page Plantation house as I lay watching the shadows and reflections of the fire dancing on the ceiling, I enjoyed a peace and solace never before experienced. I thought of the romance and pleasures this room had known — also the sorrows and sadness. I was not the first to feel its coziness and warmth nor to enjoy its humble atmosphere.

At the time Ruth and I were little more than newlyweds but far beyond the wet nosed kid stage. I was serious minded from as far back as I can remember so age made little difference in the way I thought.

As my eyes grew drowsy from watching the playful flames and sleep was nigh, a Who, Who, — Whowho from the nearby river valley made me smile and wide awake. The hoot owls were calling up and down the valley and I knew the night was alive and filled with God's creatures. For a short time man surrendered and slept while other creatures reigned over his world.

Trying on the world for size is like buying a ready-made suit. Alterations are necessary for a proper fit. In the case of the suit, a tailor makes the changes but where the world is concerned only you can make the adjustments. It is natural for youth to try on the world for size but seldom does it fit without tailoring of mind and body.

. . . . R.C.V.

If you build a little world of your own and proceed to fence it in, remember you will shut yourself therein, and others out, so before you close the last gap be sure that all you desire is within and even then the devil may be inside with you and have no way out.

. . . . R.C.V.

Lost City — Lost Dreams — Lost Toils — Lost Lifetime —Amen.

Col. and Mrs. Fain King, developers of Ancient Buried City, an Indian site at the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, paid a visit to Lost City, another Kentucky site located on Mud River in Logan County. Superintendent Ervin Gibbs went all out to show them the entire group of mounds, rock shelter and village sites some of which were still in rather primitive condition covered with heavy vegetation and debris. The Colonel and his beautiful lady enjoyed everything but after being home for a day Mrs. King found she had brought a few Lost City chiggers which made life a bit miserable for a time. She promptly wrote to Mr. Gibbs informing him of her dislike for his pesky mites. This only made him laugh and enjoy it whole-heartedly.

Shortly thereafter I dug a mound at Lost City in company with Mr. Gibbs. It contained stone graves with skeletons but little or no grave offerings. One of the stone box graves near the apex of the mound was salted with platform pipes, large spearheads, beads and discoidals, then a picture was made to be sent to Mrs. King to show what great finds were being made at Lost City. Of course all this was in fun and so accepted by everyone concerned. We placed enough offerings in this grave to make King Tut envious.

When I left Lost City to go to Ancient Buried City, Mr. Gibbs handed me a sealed envelope marked "Lost City chiggers for Mrs. King." This I delivered in person and everyone thought it a real joke. When I returned to Lost City, Mrs. King sent a note to Mr. Gibbs asking him if Lost City was still lost. Such pleasant rivalry was good to behold.

While attending an archaeological meeting in Memphis, Tennessee, I was attracted by the large statue of Gen. Nathan Forrest C.S.A., which stands in the city park. Being a photographer I just had to snap a picture or two of the "wizard of the saddle" astride his cavalry horse. This was done while a

companion, a southern gentleman, and close friend waited patiently. Then I noticed the flag pole with the U. S. Flag waving in the breeze directly over the statute. In order to get the flag in the picture it was necessary for me to back down a wide sidewalk which was flanked on both sides by elderly southern gentlemen seated on benches enjoying the sunshine, etc. My friend became impatient and called for me to hurry as we would be late for the meeting. I answered him by saying, "Yes, I'll be there as soon as I take a shot of old Nathan under the Stars and Stripes, where he should have stayed in the first place. Pandemonium and all hell broke loose and I was surrounded on all sides by resentful southerners who gave this Yankee a piece of their mind. This is where it helped to be a southern Colonel. With apologies I managed to stay off another battle of the Civil War. An innocent slip of the tongue had set off a keg of dynamite

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While having lunch with a local friend in Johnson City, Arkansas at a restaurant directly opposite the courthouse our conversation somewhat centered on this building and its functions during the Civil War and the years which followed.

My Arkansas friend remarked that he had been drunk and in brawls and hence incarcerated in this jail 23 times in one year during the worst part of the Depression. He said he knew he painted the courthouse at least three times in working out his fines but this was now past history and presently he was about to enter politics.

Upon returning from a church meeting in Kentucky where I spoke on our extended stay on the Navajo Indian reservation, our host's young son asked his mother if Colonel Vietzen was a preacher as well as an Indian digger. To this his mother replied, "No, Dear." He hurriedly responded with, "Well, he should be, he sounds just like one."

A dear friend, who was a well educated professional, told his wife that root beer was made from the dregs and leavings in the brewery beer vats and therefore she should never partake of this drink. She watched me drink root beer for years before she turned rebel and tried it for herself. She liked it and then the story came out and at long last I explained about the ingredients of the beverage and that her well-meaning husband was in gross error. I believe he went to his reward without changing his mind about the drink.

Two negro women were sitting on the front porch of their cabin in Tennessee. They rocked and chatted pleasantly while their children played in the yard. One of the women said to the other, "Mandy, does yo 'spose our children enjoys dere childhood as much as we enjoys our adultery"?

A simple young lad staying at a farm home where we often headquartered while on safari in Kentucky had many expressions and questions which often taxed us for interpretations and answers. One night as we came in from the field he asked me, "Did you awll fine any a-haids today"? In a minute I realized he wanted to know if I found any arrowheads.

Southern Expressions We Often Heard

Yo awll talk as smooth as a fox with a mouthful of chicken fat.

Put on the big pot and the little pot. (When company comes for dinner.)

Yo awll done got it made. (Successful.)

Tellin' it to 'em. (Preaching or speaking.)

That peckerwood is meaner than a snake.

Put his feet to the fire. (Best him in a deal.)

Don't know a "B" from a bull's foot.

We awll can put a cup of water in the soup. (Stretch it for unexpected dinner guests.)

I awll pulled so hard my eyeballs popped out.

On one of my many exploring trips in southwestern Kentucky, two planters guided us to a stone grave site which was as yet unknown to me. Here we probed until we located the cap stones of a grave about eighteen inches below the surface. The site had been farmed for years and erosion had reduced the depth of soil covering these graves.

We soon exposed the outline of stones, then made the first photographs and pertinent measurements. I found a badly rusted, modern penknife near the side of this grave. This and the dislodged cap stones caused me to feel the grave had been opened by an early researcher. As I lifted the first capstone, my eyes fell upon a Pepsi-Cola bottle in the position normally occupied by the skull. Everyone had a good laugh on me and this story was repeated many times in the next few days. That "Dude" from Ohio found a Pepsi drinker among the aborigines.

Leaving the site it was necessary to remove our shoes, roll up the trousers and wade Montgomery Creek. I never minded the cold swift water but the flint-covered stream bottoms of this area are brutal on one's bare feet.

Riding through the countryside, we encountered a very unique tobacco barn with large unusual vents. This caused our hostess to remark about the uniqueness but her husband said their barn had large vents covered by boards flapping on hinges but most of them were flapping on the ground at this time.

A group of Kentuckians were discussing a local doctor and his practice. One man spoke up with this remark, "They all say that man is covered up with work." Never before had I heard this expression.

I was riding through the Kentucky countryside with my deacon friend when he pointed out the local bootlegger's home and proceeded to tell me something of his way of life.

He commented that he had a woman living with him as his mistress. She was a fiery wench and in a fit of anger shot him twice through the body with a .38 caliber revolver. The attending doctor found both slugs had passed completely through the man's body and remarked that never had he seen bullets miss so many vital parts of a body. He cleaned the wounds, plugged up the holes front and rear and turned the man loose.

The bootlegger completely recovered and went back to living in sin with his pistol packing hellcat. Perhaps his "corn licker" hastened the healing of his wounds.

With a group touring "Ancient Buried City," was a "wise guy" who insisted on heckling the guide. As the patient guide finished explaining the postmolds and their significance, the heckler asked if archaeologists never found any left-handed postmolds as these were all right-handed. Without batting an eye, the unflustered guide said, "Yes, sir, we sure do, and the strange thing about these postmolds is that some of them are upside down." Leaving his tormenter with a very red face, he continued with his regular discourse on the customs of the prehistoric Indians.

In the Southland there is an old saying which goes like this: "If a son does not talk, walk or act like his father there is a cat on the line."

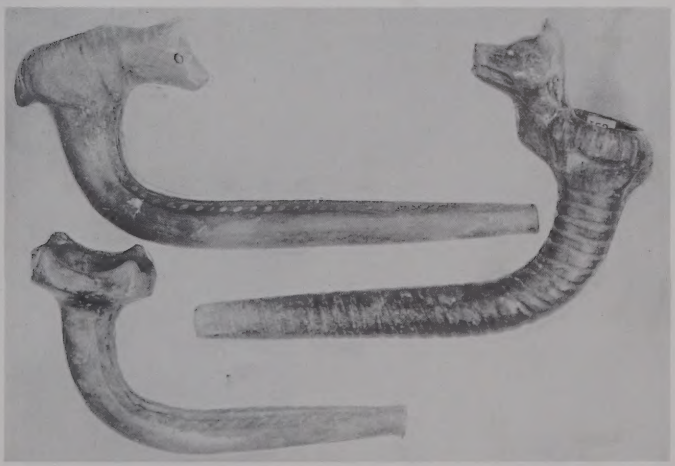
A Rebel Gentleman Fights Back

As a dignified planter rode along a stream in southern Kentucky, two Yankee soldiers stepped out of a thicket and with guns pointed at the equestrian commanded him to dismount and dance for them. Having no choice, the elderly gentleman did his best to entertain his accosters who seemed to enjoy it no end.

When they tired of their fun and the dancer caught his breath, he said, "Now boys to show you there are no hard feelings, I have a bottle of bourbon in my sanddlebags and if you will allow me I will get it and we will all have a friendly drink." This made the damn Yankees very happy and they readily assented and leaned their muskets against a nearby tree throwing caution to the wind.

From the saddlebags, the Kentuckian took a loaded pistol and promptly made the soldiers remove their boots, which he threw into the stream after which he forced them to dance for him. When he tired of the sport, he threw their muskets into the stream, mounted his horse and rode away with a smile upon his face.

I purchased the saddlebags from his grandsons seventy-five years later and the story was told to me at the time.



Iriquois pipes — New York.

FIG. XII

Old Kentucky home where the author spent many happy hours.

FIG. XIII
Mrs. Vietzen and the late Erwin Gibbs swapping yarns in Kentucky.

FIG. XIV
Erie Indian burials at Riker Site near Midvale, Ohio.
Excavated by James Green and family (1967).

FIG. XV
How Sittin' on a Stump Was Born. The Author in Buckskins.

Hopewellian Pipes in British Museum

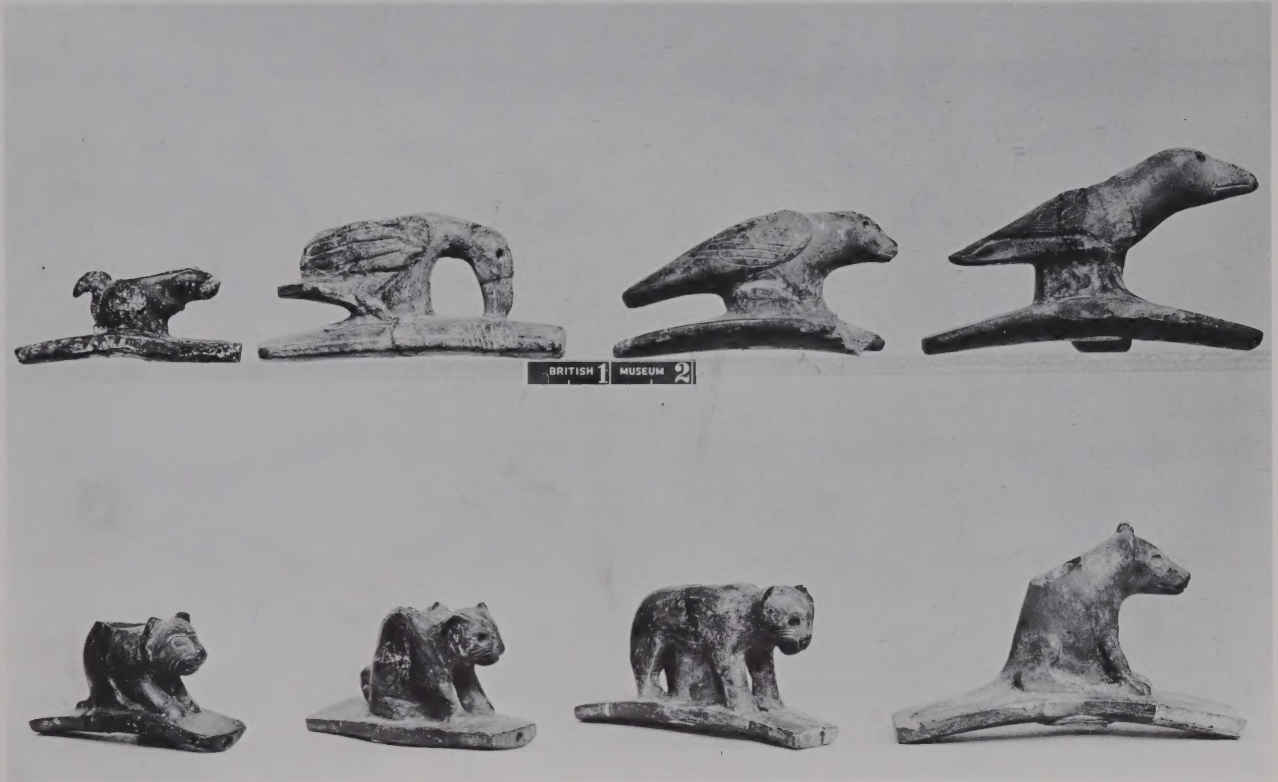
The following four plates of Hopewellian pipes (Middle Woodland Culture) are of those in the British Museum and have not been pictured in American publications to date. The beautiful specimens were excavated from Ohio mounds by Squier and Davis, early archaeologists who sold their collections to the British Museum. Made of Ohio Pipestone quarried near Portsmouth, Ohio which ranges in coloration through shades of reds, browns, tans and grays, these artifacts are very beautiful to behold. Such are among the most beautiful artifacts ever created by America's prehistoric peoples. The pipes were a definite part of the burial rituals of the Hopewellians and many were intentionally broken or killed to discourage vandals and thieves from stealing the desirable pipes from the open depositories and crematory pits. These remained open for long periods of time before the mound was erected over the pits and their contents.

Hopewellian pipe makers were the master carvers and artists of the prehistoric Indians of America. They produced life-like effigies of native animals, birds and reptiles in many natural poses.

Evolving from an earlier Woodland people known as the Adena Culture, these people were active and lived from year 1 to 1,000 A.D. and perhaps later in some areas. Their great society came into being during the coming of Christ, flourished until we now consider their former homelands to be Ohio's Valley Of The Kings.

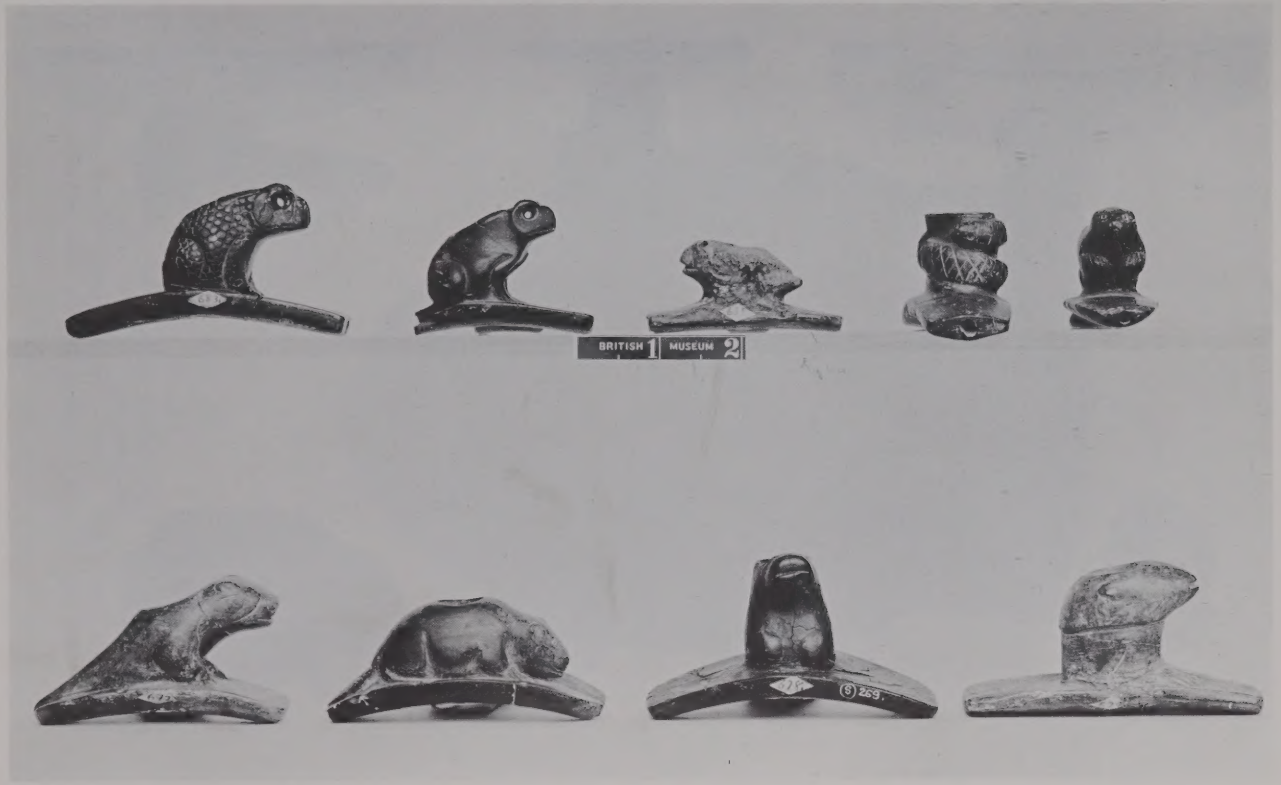
FIGS. XVI to XIX
Hopewellian pipes from British Museum.

Photographic and reproduction rights granted by British Museum.



BRITISH PIPES 1

PIPE CUT 2



PIPE CUT 3

PIPE CUT 4

FIG. XX

Pottery dug from a refuse pit by the author, Riker Site, Tuscarawas Valley, Midvale, Ohio, 1967. Size: 15 inches high. Maximum diameter 10 inches. Grit tempering. Color — tan to dark brown. Marked by incision above shoulder — cloth impression over the body area.

Chapter VI

B. W. (Steve) STEPHENS STORIES

Steve actually suggested the writing of this book and generously supplied the following stories.

The first is a letter written after his initial visit to our home and Indian Ridge Museum. Excerpts have been taken from letters regularly sent to the author.

"Sunday Morning, March 27, 1949"

"Dear Ruth, Ray and Duke:

"After we left your home and kind hospitality we ran out of snow about forty or fifty miles from Elyria and had smooth sledding all the rest of the way home - - - we made four stops at antique places and arrived home at 9 that evening - - - the funny part of the trip was this - - - Lyle says to me, 'Steve, are you hungry?' and I would say, 'Hell No; I've eaten so much the last few meals at Vietzen's I'll bet they will run and hide when they learn I'm ever in the vicinity of Elyria again.' So we drive on and on - - - along about three in the afternoon we stop over in Indiana at a truck drive-in eating place and eat a bite - - - we ate again about seven thirty at Havana, Ill. (which is about 100 miles from home) and when I arrived home the first thing my wife says is 'Are you hungry' - - - when I told her 'NO' she could hardly believe me but after I told her how well you had taken care of us and fed us like KINGS she realized that I wasn't kidding when I told her I really wasn't hungry.

"We talked about all the way home of your Collection, your building for displaying your material — your books — how nice it is to have a wife that is companionable to archaeological activities (and will put up a couple of buys like Lyle and myself) — about the Old man that had that house full of 'Stuff' — (and junk) — Lyle: how well he slept in that four poster bed — I told him when I went in to awaken him he looked like a King in that bed — he asked me how I slept — I told him I didn't know as all I recall was going to bed and waking up in the morning — what happened in between was a blank. We really enjoyed the time with you folks and want you to know how much we appreciate being with you and

sincerely hope we can return the favor to you when you are in Quincy.

"When I arrived home my wife informed me that I had quite a lot of work piled up for myself — then too there is a political campaign for Mayor of the town and I have about a dozen newspaper cartoons to draw for the Republican party — they had talked to me about this before I and Lyle left Quincy — and while we were away they got together (the committee) and put the work in my lap and so since coming home I've been very busy working day and night and Sundays — usually work until midnight and after every night — thus the delay of writing you folks to acknowledge the GOOD TIME we had while at your home. I'll work this afternoon and that will clean up the cartoons and some other rush work and then next week I'll be back to normal (I hope). My men did all OK while I was away — but they can't draw or do some other type of exacting lettering — then too I had some designs to do for a church — I do lots of this type of work for local contractors who do church interior painting and I make their stencils for all the decorative designs — some of these run into three color effects and require a certain amount of exacting layout and cutting.

"We did not break a single piece on our trip and Lyle was almost sold out of everything he bought and brought back by the following Monday evening. He has a group of dealers who wait for him to come home and then they drive to Quincy and fill their cars — thus he can sell out quick — he is moving all his surplus furniture and workshop into a larger building down town this week and has been quite busy with that — then I look for him to go back east in a week or so — he likely will go a southern route then — he takes that Northern route (up your way) in winter as it is always open — there are few hills — and those large trucks keep road open and so does that state highway Dept. Later in spring and summer he runs the middle and southern routes — which afford him different stops where he can buy merchandise for resale.

"Knoblock got his box from Mexico while I was away and in it was the largest stone Mask I've ever seen — weighs about fifty pounds — a very wonderful piece — I doubt if the National Museum in Mexico City has one as large — I have a book illustrating many of the fine pieces in the Museum there and I can't find one as large — if they do have one surely they will show same as it would be an outstanding item

for any Museum. He also got some flints of this shape — the longest being nine inches and the shortest about five inches — these run very nice and careful chipping — I told him I would buy one just to have one of these nice blades so he brought one over that is white flint and seven inches long at $15.00 — which is fair enough so I couldn't go down there after one at that price — I have told him I would take the nine inch blade at $30.00 and he may let me have it — just at present it is all new to him and he is playing with this material which includes some terra cotta figurines — male and female — about seven to nine inches tall — also some of these are seated with arms folded in lap or across the knees — he has a dozen or so of these clay dolls (as I call them) to play with. He showed me the price list on this material from Mexico — the large Mask was $550.00 — the flints were priced about like we price them in this country and the clay figurines were from $6.00 to $10.00 each. He is very happy with his large Mask and we were kidding Mrs. Knoblock about putting it in her front room on the mantle over the fire place — she said, 'Over her dead body' — so maybe we won't get to put it there — for the time being he has it over the fireplace in his Indian Relic room — it looks great there.

"I'm very pleased with the Indian relics I bought from you — don't forget me on some skulls and when you send them I'll take that three leg (three ball or whatever you term it) water bottle at $50.00 — send it along with the skulls and I'll send you a check for the works. Main reason I didn't take it when there was the fact that we had quite a load and with other stops to make I didn't know how full the seat would get with material to be purchased — as it was we were pretty well loaded by the time we go home — with boxes piled between us and on the floor at my feet — I had over $500.00 worth of stuff on that truck and Lyle had about a thousand. Quite a load for two guys to assemble in about six days time — allowing four days to travel (we were gone about ten days).

"Thanks again for everything until you're better paid.

"Sincerely."

"Sunday Night, October 2, 1949"

"Dear Ray:

"Things have been happening so fast that I haven't had time to write letters since the Indian Relic Meeting. Last Saturday the young boy (20 years old) got married and was

supposed to take a two weeks honeymoon down in the Ozark Country of Missouri — so realizing that I was going to be a man short the following week I worked that Sunday and every night all this last week — and on Thursday afternoon in drives this Boy and his wife — I said, 'What's the matter'? Did you run out of money'? (I had given him two weeks pay in advance (vacation with pay) and he had his last weeks pay when he left the shop at noon on the Saturday he was married — 'No,' he says — 'We went boat riding and did some fishing and drove around and looked at the scenery — but then there wasn't nothing else to do so we came home' — I looked at him in amazement; and said, 'Do you mean to tell me that you're on your honeymoon and couldn't think of anything **else** to do?' His wife (a very pretty girl of just 18) pipes up and says, 'Well, nothing else during the **day**.' So I give up. She said the boy got homesick (it was the first time in his life he was ever away from his folks more than one night — he said she got homesick and the truth is I think they wanted to get back to their little house (which her father owns and has been fixing up for them). They have all their furniture, etc. in and are ready to start housekeeping — and I expect it seemed foolish to be paying hotel bills when they have this little house waiting for them at home. The boy told me he was coming back to work Monday (that way he only takes one week of his vacation) and his wife said all the time he was away he was wondering how we were doing in the sign shop. That kind of loyalty money can't buy."

"Regards to Ruth — Sincerely."

"Sunday Night, Jan. 26th"

"Dear Ray:

"I had a very queer experience recently — a man (elderly and well dressed) came into my shop and said he understood that I had quite a fine archeological library and that his father had some books on the Indian and would I care to look at them with the idea of buying them if they were what I could use — naturally I told him I would be very glad to look at the books and we set a time for that same evening — he to pick me up at my sign shop at eight o'clock. I was working that night (going to work at seven in the evening) at about a quarter to eight an oil stove that was left burning in one of the third floor apartments of my sign shop building caught fire to the wall paper and baseboard and floor — people living across the

hall came down to my shop and told me and we broke the door in and I phoned for the Fire dept. — they came and finished putting out the fire. Just then the book man came and seeing that there was some excitement about my shop offered to come for me the next time he was in town — saying he got into Quincy about once a month — but I was all steamed up after the books and so told him we would go at once — my apprentice boy I left working in the shop and the man and I started. He said, 'It is a short distance so we'll walk as I don't want to lose my parking place in front of the hotel.' We went down the street to the 'Red Light District' and he turns into the leading and BEST whore house on the line — me with him and wondering 'what the hell'? He takes me up to the third floor to his father's room — the old man was a cripple (I have seen him on the streets before but did not know his name) he was listening to a fine big new model radio. I bought several good Indian books from him — they are like Indian relics!!! They are where you find them — one book, 'INDIAN WARS' printed in 1846 in the original Leather cover and nice condition; 360 pages. Another book 'Doniphan's Expedition' printed in 1848. Fine condition. Two other Illinois Histories with Indian Material and Early Pioneer 'stuff'. I asked the old man what he wanted for the books and he said whatever I wanted to pay — so I gave him $5.00 — he then said, 'Years ago you were at my farm in Missouri and bought some Indian relics from me — paid me what I asked you for them and told me you had quite a library on the Indian. I remembered the name of your firm by your truck (we had a sign truck with "Gem City Sign Co." lettered on it) 'so I told my son that he was to find you as I wanted you to have these Indian books — as I never read them any more because I'm about blind and all I can do now is radio — he had a lot of other books, fiction, etc. — so I told a dealer in secondhand books about him and he went down and bought the rest of them — nice old guy and a nice son. Coming out of the "joint" the son introduces me to the "Madam" (his sister) who ran the joint and keeps the old man up in his room — it takes all kinds of people to make a world. Now the pay off — when I get back to the sign shop my apprentice boy says, "Say Steve, Walt (a friend of mine) was in a little while ago and said he would have sworn he saw you and another guy going into a chippie joint down on Third Street" — but I told him that couldn't be because Steve and some guy had gone some-

place after some old books.' So I tells the boy that he had the correct idea in always sticking up for his boss — but nevertheless — I was in the joint and wasn't even approached by one of the gals — nice gals; on their best behavior when company came on genuine business and not the "monkey" kind. Now Ray: the moral to this might be (for the benefit of future collectors of Indian books) — **try your local whore houses.** And so if you see any of your friends "going in"; remember they **MAY** be going after Indian books.

"Very Best Regards and bigger and better Indian Book Collecting for both of us."

"Sincerely."

"Sunday Night, August 22, 1948"

"Dear Ray:

"From the Announcement of our Annual Indian Relic Meeting you will note the dates of September 18 and 19 — Lincoln-Douglas Hotel Ball Room.

"Byron tells me that you have a very fine motion picture that you showed at the Petrie Meeting and we would appreciate it very much if you would bring this with you and show it here in Quincy the Saturday night of Sept. 18. There is a large motion picture screen in the Ball Room — it is about 8 or ten feet wide — rolls up — all we have to do is roll it down — plug in your machine and turn out the lights and get ourselves entertained, educated and relaxed (that will be about the only time some of the fellows will relax — believe me). So all you need bring is your film, machine and yourself — by all means bring yourself.

"All indications point to a larger meeting than ever — most of the regulars will be here — a few new ones of course — we have sent quite a few notices — mostly to those in driving distance (one days drive) and we are hoping for a cool spell of weather.

"I want to congratulate you on your article 'regarding the dealers and Indian Relic Collectors' in the last Ohio Indian Relic Collectors Bulletin (Number 280). I think it is the finest and best stated of anything along such a 'delicate' subject could be. We here in Illinois should have done just what you fellows are doing in the matter of dealers — however I'm like you with regards to them — without them (dealers) there would be very few of the fine large collection of today. They are like Whiskey — shouldn't be overdone.

"Your article on Knobbed or Humped Celts is a dandy — a real worth while piece of work and to my way of thinking a contribution to the knowledge regarding these so little known (or respected) humped celts — I have two of these — one from White County, Ill. (Southern Ill. Wabash River) and the other from Jersey County, Ill. which is Ill. River near the Mississippi. As your article states only 'a limited few have been found' and many collectors beating the brush for axes and celts have passed these up as not being a 'true type' — I was tickled pink to have the two — as it is items like these that go to make up a **complete** collection.

"Hoping to see you here in Quincy on the 18th and 19th of Sept.

I am Sincerely."

"Sunday, September 21, 1947"

"Dear Ray:

"I appreciate the membership card in the O.I.R.C.S. — who is the wonderful gentlemen that I am indebted to? Am I to send my check to you and for how much? Let me know on this and I shall take care of the amount as I am very happy about becoming a member as I think you Ohio collectors have a wonderful organization — are a fine bunch of 'gents' and put out a great Journal. I shall try and attend a meeting sometime — just now we are too busy for me to be away but the time will come when I can 'invade the Greatest Archeological State in the Union' and see some of the fine collections you fellows have."

"Sincerely;"

'Steve'
B. W. Stephens
Quincy, Illinois

"January First 1948"

"Dear Ray:

"Congratulations on your article 'Petroglyphs On The Ohio' in the recent Bulletin of the Ohio Indian Relic Collectors Society. This is a dandy issue of the Bulletin.

"The Petroglyph article struck me as a well worth while contribution to archaeological literature — there are so very few photos or articles on this particular subject — fact is I think this particular 'field' of study has long been neglected — maybe for the reason that there are no relics one can take

home (except photos) to add to their collection. I am writing Burford (our Editor of the Ill. State Arch. Society) to see why we can't run your article in our next issue of our Bulletin — he may have to take this up with Stone.

"At our last meeting we elected Judge Stone president — since then we have added several new members — over 70 or so Ben Nussbaum wrote me and we are trying to run our membership up to one thousand — it can be done when each of us gets a member. That would give our Society about Two Thousand Bucks with which to put out a Journal a year — should be a very fine Journal — I think you will see an improvement in our Journal in the near future — we are going to try and eliminate some of the 'boy scout stuff' and have better articles so that the copies of the Journal would be well worth binding and keeping.

"Very Best Regards and all GOOD wishes for 1948."

"Sincerely;"

"Sunday Noon, Nov. 17, 1946"

"Dear Ray;

"It was too bad that none of the Illinois Collectors could make the trip to Ohio to your meeting — most of them were caught' at a bad time to get away from their work — that was my trouble and also Knoblock's — He was working at the Studio in Chicago and was on a rush job that 'held him down' day and night for several days right at that particular time. Christmas sign work was coming in our shop — when one merchant starts his Christmas merchandise on display here they all follow like a bunch of sheep — and our shop is then loaded and all wanting their work done at once. It sure looks like you are correct, Ray — when you say we Illinois 'Suckers' are not as good travelers as you 'Buckeyes.' Nevertheless I'm still coming to Ohio some time as I want to see the Ohio State Museum material and see some of the better Ohio Collections — or as many of these as I can get to without spending over three or four days away from my work — I'm right at 49 years old — I figure that I only have a few more years to work — I don't use eye glasses and my nerves are perfect — so I want to make enough so that I can retire in a few years — at least by the time I am 55 — then I want to go a few places (as above mentioned) and dig a few Mounds — write 'A BOOK' that I have had in the back of my brain — Along the line of 'Stone Art of the Mound Builder' and illus-

trate (as you have so well done in your recent book, 'THE ANCIENT OHIOANS') profusely with really fine specimens on the order of your Books — incidentally your article on 'Flint Ridge' is the best I have ever read. Dr. Kramer told me something of it when he was here — mentioning the various colors of flint that can be found there and from his account and your description I believe you could write a book 'ALONE on Flint Ridge' — showing the different materials (colors) and specimens made from this flint. This of course would need be a small book that would sell at a moderate figure — believe it or not it would sell as all Collectors (with possibly the Great Knoblock) are interested in Flint.

"Very Best Regards; Sincerely;"

"Saturday Night, Sept. 15, 1945"

"Dear Ray;

"The letter that you wrote Dr. Dickson and the letter that you wrote to me were put in the wrong envelopes and so I got Dr. Dickson's letter and he in turn got mine — He sent my letter to me and I sent his to him — You are of course forgiven — I made the same mistake once in the case of two girls in two adjoining towns — the result was that I had NO girls. In your case instead of losing friends you have cemented them together all the more — Dr. Dickson and I graduated from the Lewistown High School together — we have dug together back in 1914-15-16 and 17 — We are very good friends and so the nice letter you wrote him and the nice letter you wrote me just naturally made us both write to each other (what a fine fellow you are' — Take a Bow.

"Best Regards;"

"Quincy, Illinois
"January 5, 1965
"Dear Ray;—

"I appreciate the fact that your advance orders for your coming book, 'Indians of the Lake Erie Basin' are coming IN real good. This will keep you in fire wood this winter, and by Spring you won't need any firewood and can bank the money, and thus get ready for your next book for 1966 or 1967.

"Best Personal regards;
"The same to Mrs. Vietzen
"Sincerely;"

"Mr. Lee Renno of St. Charles, Missouri told the following (story) of one of his experiences while collecting Indian Relics. (This was told to me (B. W. Stephens) by Mr. Renno about 1937, at his home in St. Charles, Missouri.)

"He had been corresponding with a gentleman who signed his letters, Rev. Wilson. This Rev. Wilson was living down in Kentucky and he said that he had his father's collection of Indian relics that he would sell and that he would like for Mr. Renno to come down to Kentucky and look the material over with the idea of buying it. He told Renno what town to come to, saying that he would meet him at the train. Renno took the train out of St. Louis and arrived late in the afternoon at this Kentucky town. When he got off the train he saw a surrey with a horse and a mule hitched to it, and the driver asleep on the front seat. He asked the depot agent where, or if he knew a Rev. Wilson and the agent said, 'That's him in that surrey with the horse and mule'. Renno went over to the surrey and woke up the Reverend, who promptly shook hands and then offered a prayer for Renno's safe arrival. It was a long drive to the Reverend's home — through horse-weeds higher than the surrey top, across many creeks that had no bridge. Renno being a large fat man had the entire back seat to himself and he said he bounced around considerable. About dark they arrived at the Reverend's house. This was two log houses, joined together by a breezeway, without sides. Two husky boys came in to supper (carrying shotguns) and Renno made some remark about being 'out hunting' but they said nothing and just kept looking him over. At the evening meal the Rev. gave thanks for the meal and asked the Good Lord to bless their home and their guest from Missouri. After the meal Renno asked to see the relics and he was told that they didn't have a very good light up there (the relics being in the attic of one of the buildings) and that they would have to wait until morning. Renno was given a lamp and escorted up the stairs to a room in one of the buildings, which was divided (upstairs) into rooms, with the use of plain board partitions. The Rev. said a prayer and wished Renno a pleasant sleep and departed. Renno was carrying quite a large amount of cash on him with the idea of buying the collection, and was somewhat worried about the younger men that came in with the guns, but who said nothing; just looked and seemed to watch him all the time. There was a stone chimney that went up one side of his room and so he takes his

pocketbook and stuffs it up high, between two of the stones, and went to bed, partly dressed. He heard the other men come up to bed on the same floor he was on, and finally all was quiet and all he could hear was their snoring. The next day he learned that the rest of the family slept on the second floor of the other building and that another young man (who was tending the still all night) came in to breakfast and he went to sleep in the room that Renno had used). At breakfast the Rev. said 'Grace,' and asked the Lord to forgive their suspecting guest for hiding his money while a guest of such God fearing people as the Wilsons. Renno told me he was thunderstruck, and wondered how the hell they saw him hide his money as he was sure the Rev. had gone back down the stairs. After breakfast he was taken to see the collection, and the two boys (one that had come in the evening before and the one that came in to breakfast) went with the Rev. and Renno to look at the collection. Renno took one look at the few common pieces, some natural formations and a lot of very crude fake pieces and immediately knew he was in trouble. The Boys had their guns and the Rev. was saying, 'It's a WONDERFUL Collection isn't it?' 'All gathered by my father about the time of the war between the states'. Renno began to think fast and so he said it was truly a wonderful and very valuable collection. So valuable, in fact that he was going to have to 'cut a friend in' on the deal so as to have enough to pay for it, as he did not wish to take advantage of the Goodness of Rev. Wilson. He said that he would like to bring his friend from St. Louis to see it and then they would arrive at a Good Price for the relics. This was OK by Rev. Wilson, who drove him back through the horseweeds and across the creeks to the depot. All the way home (on the train) he thought of a way to 'get out' of the deal. The St. Louis paper carried a story of an auto accident in which a man was killed. (Renno did not even know or had never heard of this man.) So he clips out this clipping from the paper and sends it to the Rev. Wilson — writing the Rev. that his good friend was killed the day he (Renno) was on the train returning to St. Louis and so the 'Deal was off'. He said he had a nice letter from the Rev. Wilson of sympathy and also suggestion that he (Renno) find another 'friend'.

"This is the story as near as I recall it. The Rev. Wilson may have thrown in another prayer when they arrived at the Depot and I believe the Rev. may have offered Renno a drink

of the whiskey they were making out there in the hills, but am not too clear on this — anyway you have the main highlights of the story as he told it to me."

"Again I say, 'Best Personal Regards' to you and Mrs. Vietzen.

"Most Sincerely;"

Owl effigy pottery from Kentucky.

Chapter VII

HOOSIER STORIES

At Scotland, Indiana we made our home with the Thomas Mullis family and Tom and Dorothy were our digging companions. One evening we had a thoroughly cleaned and treated human skull and some restored pottery reposing on their outdoor fireplace where we had cooked a picnic supper. Several teen-aged girls were in the party and soon someone dared the girls to kiss the skull. Most of them were not about to but one cute little trick put on a heavy coat of lipstick and implanted a perfect outline of her lips upon the frontal bone of the Indian skull. We all agreed that this man would never kiss and tell.

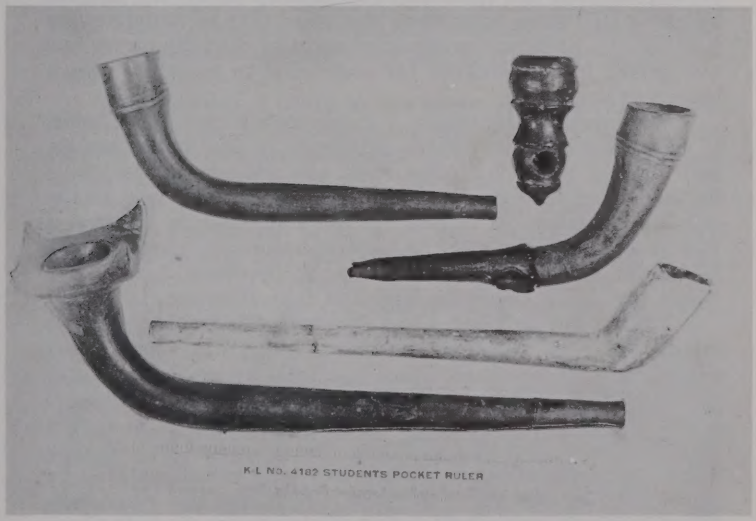
Several hill farms in southern Indiana contained so many Indian graves that were disturbed by the plow it was impossible to count them let alone salvage their remains. I carried boxes of human remains from these hills but there seemed to be no end to the number buried here. Winds reduced the height of these sand hills until the graves were very near the surface where the plow passed through and destroyed the remains. It was heart-breaking to stand and look at dozens of torn up graves with scattered and broken human bones covering the hillsides. Somehow it never seemed right to me.

On one digging trip we were driving through southern Indiana when the skies grew dark and ominous then pink and yellow appeared in the west. Suddenly there was an awful stillness and the air seemed to tighten making breathing a bit difficult — then it happened — the tornado hit with full force and buildings flew apart with debris flying helter-skelter across the highway. On my right, in a field, I happened to see a barn disintegrate as though it were made of match sticks. Sections of the metal roof came whizzing like flying sabers, headed directly for the highway just ahead of us. I jammed on the brakes and stopped just as one sheet shot missile-like over the hood of the car missing the windshield by inches. A split second later in applying the brakes would have meant serious injury or death for us.

As the storm had already taken everything in its path, we decided to stay parked beside the road until its fury was spent.

There we thanked God for his protection on this occasion and many others. In a short time the destructive wind passed only to be followed by torrential rains but these too finally abated and we went on our way feeling quite humble but very thankful.

It was during this same period that I left Scotland, Indiana for Muncie, where I spoke at Ball University, and it rained all the way. At least five times we were forced to pull off the road and park with the engine running to keep it from shorting out. Visibility was nil at times and driving was hazardous. We finally arrived at noon and I delivered my discourse shortly thereafter.



Iriquois pipes — Seneca, New York.

The following two stories are by Lynn Munger of the Potawatomi Museum, Angola, Indiana:

It was several years, after finding a half double crescent bannerstone in a box of flints, that I was to learn that the farmer on the farm adjoining where these were bought had an Indian stone that "looked just like it."

Usually farm auctions are fun, but seldom productive, as far as Indian relics collectors are concerned, but then, there is always the exception.

The exception happened on a sultry Indian Summer day on a farm in Hillsdale County, Michigan in 1947, when I was to wait around and finally buy 1 shoe box and 2 cigar boxes full of "Indian stones." Examination revealed the usual array of broken flints, fossils, "pretty stones" the base off a broken Clovis, but in the bottom of the shoe box, wrapped in an oily rag, was exactly one-half of one of the most exquisite double crescent banded slate bannerstones that one might imagine.

This find prompted me to locate the owner of the house and question him about the "other half," if there ever was one. He did not have the other half, but said he suspected that his neighbor DID have, because he had heard that he found a stone just like it. Further conversation revealed that the owner had not spoken to his neighbor for years, due to a dispute over a boundary line.

With eager anticipation, I drove to the next farm home, to find the man gone for the afternoon to the implement repair shop to have his tractor fixed, but was assured he would be there that evening. Sure enough, I was right there in the evening awaiting his return. It did not occur to me that I was about to meet one of the hardest-headed Dutchmen in the Mid-West, and I had not a thought in the world but what I would just BUY the other half and take it home.

The farmer had had a bad day with the tractor, and the repair had been far more extensive and costly than he expected. His mood was anything but jovial, and when I brought up the subject of the Indian relic and, especially, his Neighbor's name, it did not get any better. I was advised in a very abrupt manner that he would keep the stone and I could keep mine, and forget about it. It was only with reluctance that he would even go and get it to make sure it was the other half. When I took the other half and placed it against the half I had, to find it fit perfectly, a lump came up in my throat and tears to my eyes.

Seeing that this was not the time to try to make any deal's with this man, I handed the half bannerstone back, thanked him and strode out, but in my mind, I was determined to some day possess the other half of my bannerstone.

After getting home and thinking about it, I wrote a letter to the farmer, using as much finesse and courtesy as possible, not knowing that this was only one of many letters that I was to write that would go unanswered. Nor, could I do any better with phone calls, and the only other time I was to stop in he was gone again, and his wife said it would be "best not to stop any more about it."

Months ran into years, and at every opportunity, I would question his neighbors, to find if there was some way some one, relative or friend, could entice this man to part with that ½ of my bannerstone. It developed that he had few friends, and that his relatives preferred to leave him alone.

In all the inquiries made, there seemed to be only one thing unusual about this man that was worthy of thought. He had, in earlier days, been an addicted gambler. Word had it that during his stint in the Army he had played dice and cards nearly incessantly. With this information, and no doubt, out of desperation, I concocted a plan to try to get my bannerstone together.

The next day, I drove by his home, and saw that he was gone again, but, in the afternoon, as I drove by he was just turning the tractor around the corner of the barn, so I slammed on the brakes and vaulted over the fence to talk to him. His first words were, "If it's about that Indian Stone, forget it." But I was determined to have my say, once and for all, and my proposition to him was simply this: We will flip a coin and if I win, I will take your half of the stone and give you $20.00, but if YOU win, you take my half, for nothing. This "broke the ice" and for the first time, he smiled, and said, "No, if you win, you take it for nothing, or if I win, I take it for nothing." To make a long story short, he flipped and I called "heads" and aged 10 years while the coin went spinning into the air then dropped and rolled. I nearly fell head first in my anxiety to see whether it was heads or tails, and don't believe I could have lived through it if it had been a tail, but here I am today with the bannerstone, glued together nicely so you can barely see the seam, and, you guessed it — it was HEADS!

While visiting museums and Indian Relic collectors in

New York State, a fascinating experience was related to me by a quite wealthy New York collector.

I would always give a kid 50¢ for an arrowhead. Of course, some of them I would throw back out on the ground, but there was always that chance that the next one might be a beauty, and then, it did keep them happy and out of mischief.

One day, I answered the doorbell to find a short, red-headed boy, wide-eyed and excited, wanting to "sell" some information about where there were some Indian graves. The usual 50¢ fee prompted the boy to divulge the whereabouts of a certain gravel pit where a man was hauling away gravel containing Indian bones, and stones.

I wasted no time in driving out there and was fortunate in finding the gravel hauler loading a small dump-truck. The truck was nearly loaded and evidence of burials was readily obvious, in the form of bones, teeth, broken pottery, etc.

Inquiry revealed that the trucker had no interest at all in such things, and in fact, did not want to be bothered with it. In trying to carry the conversation about Indians and relics further, it became more clear that he would prefer my leaving the premises and forgetting about it.

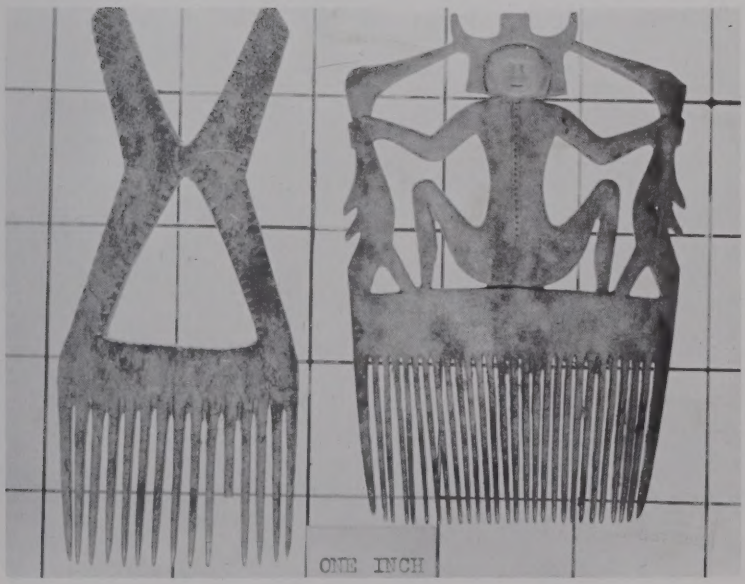
Being possessed of the driving spirit of a true Indian Relic collector, a different approach to the situation was attempted, and I asked the man "how much he was getting per load?" Upon hearing that it was $12.00 per load plus 10¢ a mile hauling, I suddenly remembered that I had a strip through the corner of my lot that needed a driveway, and would pay $5.00 bonus per load if delivery started immediately. This proposition caused an immediate turn-about in the attitude and atmosphere, and subsequently, many loads of gravel were to be delivered and thinly spread on a long strip of lawn.

By spraying the strip of gravel with a high pressure water stream, the fine silt was washed down and revealed the broken pottery, teeth, bone fragments and some Indian relics.

The most significant objects found were a 7-inch sandstone tube pipe in perfect condition, 2 other damaged tube pipes, smaller in length, one small effigy pipe bowl, several gorgets and pendants, one being of bone, one broken bone comb, several spears and arrowheads, the largest 5⅝ inches long, one bar amulet, and many other broken objects including many, many different designs on pottery fragments.

Best of all was the thrill of "finding" that quickens the pulse, and spurs one on to searching farther, a feeling known only to Indian Relic collectors, and, perhaps, other treasure hunters. Then there is the feeling of accomplishment, and knowing that a challenge has been met and overcome with the result of more Indian relics being recovered for posterity. Of course, besides that, I now have a dandy gravel drive-way across the East side of the lot, and each time I cross it, I cannot keep my eyes from scanning the surface to see if there is anything I "missed."

As told to Lynn Munger by Norbert Kingsley, Bellington, N. Y.



Antler Combs Fred Green Farm at Boughton Hill Victor, N. Y.
Photo by Harry L. Schoff.

FIG. XXI

Left: Buckskin coat worn by Col. George Custer when he was killed at Battle of the Little Big Horn (1876). Right: Chief Rain in the Face's warshirt worn at the same battle. Both are from Indian Ridge Museum owned by the author.

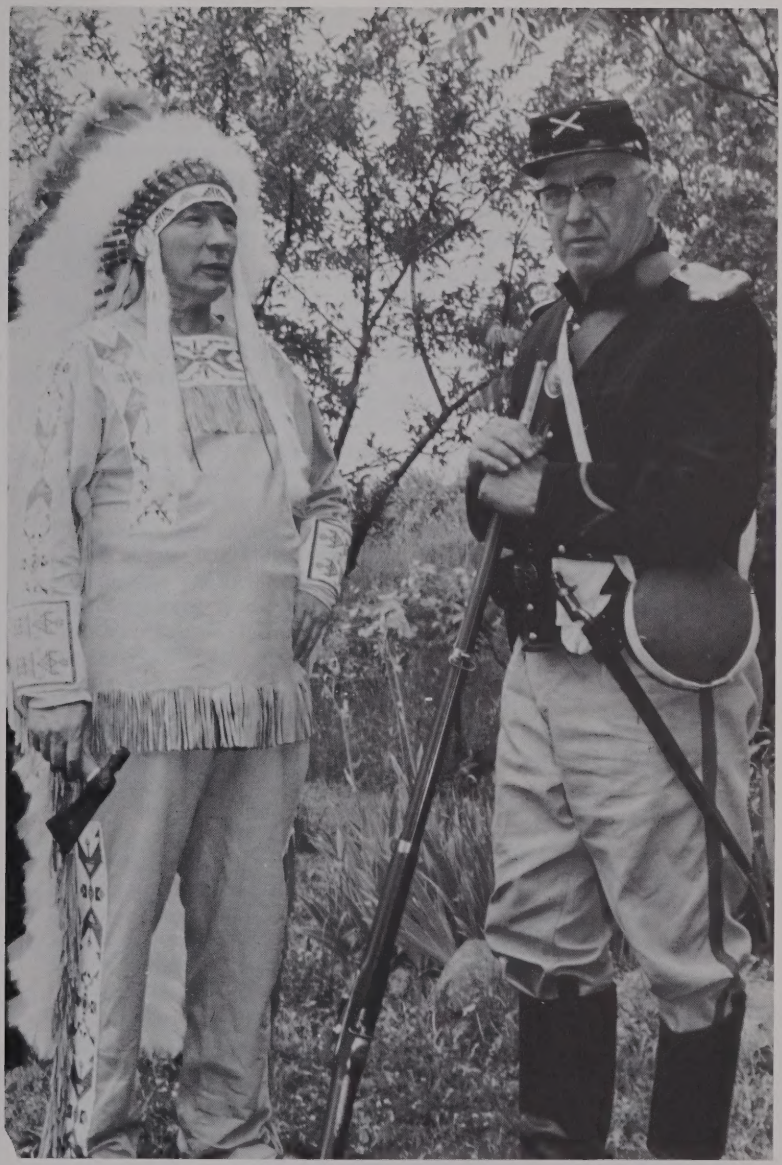


FIG. XXII

Left: My Cherokee friend the late Paul Chapman. Right: Clyde Anderson in Civil War uniform, a friend from Michigan. Both men took active parts in activities at Indian Ridge Museum.

Chapter VIII

WISCONSIN STORIES

I had the good fortune of securing an ancient dugout type of canoe while attending an archaelogical meeting at my friend E. K. Petrie's resort, near Burlington, Wisconsin. After the meeting, we carried the canoe to the porch at the rear of his log cabin museum, where we inverted it so as to better protect it in case of rain. We planned to have it transported to Ohio by truck but later decided to buy a top carrier and take it home by car.

In the meantime, a group rented one of Petrie's boats to go fishing. Along with the tackle and gear were several cans of beer, all of which were stowed in the boat before take off. One of the men seemed to have imbibed too freely before the boat trip and when they returned about an hour later I was certain he had too much to drink. He crawled out on the dock, reached his feet in some miraculous manner, then plunged headlong for the porch where he fell astride my dugout. Here he sprawled and never moved for what seemed hours.

After supper we returned to the rear yard where our inebriated fisherman was so inanimate looking I thought sure he was dead. Examination proved him to be only stupefied. Later he became very sick and vomited on everything but my canoe, for which I was most thankful. The last I saw of him was when two of his buddies carried him to their car.

The most interesting part of our story centers about the log canoe on our car top as we passed through Chicago and other cities during our homeward trek. Motorists missed traffic lights, pedestrians stopped in the middle of the street and stood with open mouths as they pointed. Confusion was everywhere. When we stopped for gasoline, crowds gathered to look and ask about it. Here was a traveling side show and we had the time of our life just watching the reactions of our fellow humans. I know we caused a few gray hairs in several policemen's heads.

A year later we enjoyed a similar experience as we transported an old Indian birchbark canoe from the Oshkosh, Wisconsin Museum to our Indian Ridge Museum at Elyria, Ohio.

It seemed as if fewer people had seen dugouts than had seen birchbark canoes.

During the archaeological meetings held at Brown's Lake, Wisconsin, many unusual things helped to make the events more enjoyable.

On one occasion several of the attending scientists from out of state spent the night in the upstairs rooms of the log cabin museum which were equipped for sleeping but lacked modern bathroom facilities. The rule was that a chamber was supplied to any who desired such a convenience, but the user must arise before daylight and take it to the outhouse for emptying. Everyone was agreeable to this and several including a young professional accepted the proffered container.

This gentleman, true to his word, arose early and dressed after which he carried his partially filled "thunder mug" down the stairs and out the cabin door on his way to the Chick Sayles where its contents would be deposited. All went well in the darkness until he ran into a large tree which stood directly in front of, and very near to, the cabin door. His urine besplashed clothing was bad enough but injury to his dignity was beyond consolation and he proved to be more proficient in the use of profanity than most dock workers. His loud talking and curses awakened all his compadres who enjoyed to the fullest his predicament.

During the night one of the true characters staying in the cabin bedrooms gave the group a bit of entertainment. He was the suspicious type and took his Indian relics to bed with him so no one could steal them. He undressed and donned an old-fashioned, long flannel nightgown and cap which in itself made a sight to smile at. Shortly after everyone was in bed and settled for a good night's rest, there was a lot of noise and commotion along with plenty of cussing and loud talking. Everyone jumped out of bed to see what happened and there was our character down on all fours crawling under the bed to retrieve several discoidals and other Indian relics which had fallen from their hiding place. None will ever forget the picture of him as he crawled and cursed in his nightgown and long floppy cap. A harmless soul but a real character.

The setting for this story is a small resort on Brown's Lake near Burlington, Wisconsin. An archaeological meeting was in progress. Display and sales booths were set up and the action was brisk and exciting as these relic meetings seem to bring out all the ardor and enthusiasm of collectors of all ages. Things were going fine until the niece of our dear friends from Nashville, Tennessee, a true southern beauty of eighteen, strolled past on her way to the beach, in a scanty bathing suit which she gorgeously enhanced. Like a magnet she drew the eyes of every man and shortly the young male collectors found their way into bathing trunks and somehow ended up in the lake near this new attraction. Even the boys past forty ogled and discussed the finer points of feminine pulchritude.

There was some satisfaction to the ladies for they realized that their men still preferred beautiful women to Indian relics. Perhaps there would be some money left for mama's new dress.

Bone and antler harpoons.
Genoa site. One at right from late grave, Traver site.
Photo by Harry L. Schoff.

Chapter IX

OZARK TALES

While visiting with H. T. Daniel and working on Indian sites around Lamar and Clarksville, Arkansas, many unusual things happened and some anecdotes are worthy of mention.

Dan had caught a 55 pound shovel head catfish in the Big Piney River not far from its junction with the Arkansas. This was one of the largest catfish I ever had the pleasure to see and well worth the exposure of a bit of color film. My friend had sold the fish to a woman who supplied restaurants and hotels with fresh fish but she had kept the enormous creature alive by placing him in a large livestock watering tank.

I talked to Dan about photographing Mr. Catfish but I also wished to have him on dry land, so we prepared to remove the fish from the tank. In the process most of the water was thrown out and we were the recipients. We were wetter than the fish when I made the picture.

Several catfish weighing three to four pounds each were in the tank with the old timer and I mentioned these might well serve as food to him. I was told that he would not eat them unless he got hungry and that was unlikely, but on the following day there was one less small catfish and none had been sold from the tank.

Dan used to look at the Arkansas River and comment, "Too thick to drink and too thin to plow." This made me think of the Texan saying the Rio Grande River was a mile wide but only a foot deep.

Mrs. Vietzen, Dan and yours truly spent some time at Fort Coffee and Great Temple Mound in Oklahoma. To reach Fort Coffee, the end of the Cherokee's "Trail of Tears," it was necessary to travel through a large ranch with many small streams and farm gates to pass through. We journeyed over ranch land for miles and landmarks were few. Finally the site of the old fort was reached and our work started. Recovering some Indian artifacts and skeletal material and making sufficient photos, we noticed it was dusk and time to find

our way back to the main road. After several wrong gates and overshot trails, we succeeded.

At Spiro, Oklahoma we had the pleasure of meeting the caretaker of the farm on which the Great Temple Mound was located. He was in charge of the property at the time of the mound's partial destruction by vandals after which Oklahoma state archaeologists took over. He was an interesting character born of Choctaw and negro parentage. When he was informed that we were from Ohio and Arkansas he said he was most pleased to meet people from foreign countries.

In our survey Dan found an ear or hairspool which I endeavored to buy from him. He would not set a price but evaded my inquiry, giving me the idea that it would cost me plenty before I got it, if I ever did. He never sold it to me but when we returned to Ohio Mrs. Vietzen had it as a gift from Dan with instructions to charge me plenty.

In one of the Arkansas cotton fields, I found over three bushels of anvil stones, hammers and mortars. These must come back to Ohio even if the floor fell out of the car. Dan often laughed and said, "No wonder you have to buy a new car for every trip down."

As we were returning from one of the Arkansas trips, a passing truck hurled a fist-sized rock through the windshield filling my lap and car seat with splintered glass. I realized then and there that there were some rocks I did not appreciate and this one, not being an Injun rock, was unwelcome.

In 1955 one of these new cars was on its maiden voyage to Arkansas when we ran out of gas with the gauge registering half full. I finally noticed a tractor working in a river bottom field about a mile away so took off in that direction. Arriving there I noticed several large tanks and supposed I was in luck. When the tractor came to the end of the field, I greeted the farmer and inquired about gasoline. He informed me that he burned diesel oil and had no gas on the place. I asked about a car and he said his wife brought him there in the morning and picked him up at night so he had no car available. My next question was how far is it to the nearest town? Nine long miles was his answer as he started down the field with his tractor and plow.

Returning to the car I flagged down, after many attempts, a passing motorist. A Kentuckian with his car loaded full of his possessions. Lariats, saddles, rifles, chaps and wearing apparel filled all available room excepting where he sat to

operate the vehicle. I asked him to take me to the next town where I would get some gas and hire someone to bring me back out. He said, "Ahh Shucks! We will just tie one of them lassos on your car and tow you in." That's fine my good man but go slow as I have all power equipment and my brakes, power steering and transmission are off when the engine is not running. My only brakes will be the emergency unit and this is a new car so please go slow. He promised and we joined the two vehicles with a rope that recently had joined cows and cow pony in Texas and Oklahoma.

The man drove 60 miles per hour, I steered and sweated, pulled on the brake and narrowly missed hitting the rear of his car whenever he slowed down or stopped. We arrived at the edge of the town which was located in a river valley and here at the top of the hill before crossing the bridge we were forced to stop. I could see a filling station just across the bridge so I called to him to unhook and I could coast downhill and into the station. This was done without mishap and at last I purchased the precious gasoline.

I wanted to pay this good samaritan or fill his gas tank but he said no and even though he scared us out of 10 years of life I will be forever indebted to him.

Why did we run out of gas? The new car had an unvented gas cap which allowed the gauge to remain at the halfway mark even though the tank was dry. When the cap was removed, the gauge float fell back to the tank bottom and the instrument registered zero again. This happened three times before I found the cause but after the first escapade I carried a can of petrol in the trunk.

Returning from Arkansas on this same trip, an old rattle trap car pulled out of a long line of traffic and would have met us head-on if I had not taken to the road shoulder where after much zigging and zagging by both of us he miraculously missed hitting our car. Gravel and dust flew and pebbles peppered our car but when the dust clearer all members were safe and very thankful. My companion threw his arms about my neck and said, "Ray, I could kiss you. I don't see how you ever made it"! We were lucky but I thanked God for this great favor.

A friend from Arkansas often wrote of his escapades, relic trades and anything of mutual interest. In one letter he stated, "The cousins, widders and other frills still make things

interesting — never a dull moment — well, we only live once and are dead a hell of a long time."

In another letter he comments on the Arkansas weather, "We had a cold spell but today is over 60 already. They don't last long — don't have too much trouble keeping a warm bed. In fact usually end up with covers on the floor. These floor furnaces keep things just right. Just a little cover goes a long ways as these women's butts are just like a heating stove — even the little ones like two terrapin shells sure generate a lot of heat."

"Yeh! I get a lot of good lookers in and out — shorts and halters, etc. A little number the other day (about 90 pounds) auburn hair and a butt like a couple of terrapin shells. A high stepper with green wild cat eyes. As the old man said, I bet she would be rougher than a bear fight. Anyhow I couldn't get off — damn this store anyhow."

This little incident happened about three months after the federal troops were moved into Little Rock, Arkansas to enforce Integration of the schools of this city. As you will remember this took place in 1957 and caused nationwide interest and comment. In January 1958 I wrote a friend of mine in Arkansas, who is a dealer in relics and curios, asking him to send me any Civil War relics he might have in stock. He replied that he had no Civil War relics on hand but would I care to have **some Little Rock invasion relics.**

Motoring with a collector friend and his family from St. Louis to Arkansas we found ourselves in Fort Smith when darkness fell and our bodies began to crave a bit of nourishment. Everyone was on the alert for a good appearing restaurant and soon a nice drive-in was spotted. Everything looked good about this dining spot, even the slices of pie were extra thick and luscious, so it seemed. The Missouri boy could think of nothing else but the big cuts of cherry pie in the showcase and I know he hurriedly gulped his meal so he could order the pie. When the waitress served his pie which was taken directly from the case, he was surprised to find it was less than half as thick as those in the case. Magnifying glass was used in the case to enhance the pies and other goodies. Even though the pastry was excellent he felt gypped and let everyone know about it. Twenty years later he still remembered and griped about this bit of trickery.

While on a speaking tour in St. Louis, the Gray LaDassor family acted as our host and several trips were made with these fine people. Exploration of one of the Cahokia mounds was made possible through the efforts of Gray LaDassor and Gregory Perino.

A trip to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Buel's home in Jefferson City, Missouri and the excellent dinner served us will ever remain among my most pleasant thoughts. Mrs. Buel served wild gooseberry pie for dessert, a treat I had not known since my childhood days back on the farm.

One evening in St. Louis we decided to drive down to see a relic dealer in Arkansas so made a long distance phone call to make certain he would be at home when we arrived. Also we asked him what he had available in fine Indian relics. He enumerated many things among which were four head pots from Arkansas graves. These later turned out to be reproductions which made Gray very disgusted as he wished very much to acquire some pottery of this type.

Early next morning we started our drive down through the beautiful Missouri Ozarks where dogwoods were in full bloom. On the way one of the LaDassor children became car sick and somewhat delayed our progress which made our arrival in the Arkansas town much later than it should have been.

We took the ladies and children to a motel before trying to contact our relic man. Neither of us had been there before so we sought help in locating our relic shop. As it was after 9:00 P.M. most places of business were closed even though it was Saturday night. However there was a light in the barber shop so we walked into the room where a barber and at least 10 men were seated and talking. I asked if they could direct me to Mr. Jone's place but no one answered. Everyone looked us over silently but one could feel the animosity and mistrust in the air. Finally I said to the barber, "Look, mister, he is a friend of mine." Then he frankly told me if you wish to take Jones in nobody here knows him or where he lives. After informing the group that I wished to see my friend about Indian relics and that I had called him from St. Louis and also that he was expecting us, I was given directions. I was to go down the street to the edge of town where I would find an old store building on my right. It would be dark as the shades would be drawn. Knock twice and wait. If I was welcome I would be greeted by my friend. Directions were

followed and we were graciously received but shortly after our arrival I heard footsteps around the building and soon a man opened the door, came in and greeted my friend by his first name which was not a common one. The dog never left his place behind the stove which made me feel this man was an old friend. The new arrival picked up several relics and priced each but always kept his eyes on us. Mr. Jone's wife asked him who that was and he said he did not know him, must have been a stranger who wandered in.

Gray and I made our purchases and were about to leave when I was informed that the best moonshine in the world was made in these mountains and I could buy all I wanted at eight dollars a gallon — no questions asked. Just give my car keys and the money and wait — it would be packed in the car and ready for the homeward trip.

In asking a few questions I found that the building had been surrounded and we were watched until we passed the test. If we had been federal agents, who knows if this book would ever have been written.

When I arrived in St. Louis to speak at Washington University that evening I immediately ran afoul of the law. New traffic lights had recently been installed and although I waited for a green light to make my left turn these lights had separate arrows for left turns and I was hailed by the blue coat just one block from my host's home. I explained that I was from a backward small town in Ohio where there were no traffic lights and I was sorry to be so stupid, etc. He grinned and told me to go on my way. That night, to my surprise, I saw the officer in the audience at the University. He grinned and I am sure he knew who I was when he stopped me.

My introduction to St. Louis and Cahokia came about in a very pleasant manner. When I met Gray LaDassor at an archaeological gathering at the Lincoln-Douglas Hotel in Quincy, Illinois, we spent considerable time in pleasant conversation. The night before I had presented an illustrated talk on the Indian sites of Ohio and Kentucky so we naturally discussed the exploration work which I was doing. He said, "How would you like to sink a spade in one of the richest sites in America"? I jumped at this offer to dig at Cahokia and many pleasant days and memories resulted from this meeting. Never to be forgotten associations and friendships were made.

Good beer, the best German sausages, fine Indian relics,

pretty women and above all friendly people make St. Louis, Missouri a grand place to be.

At Cahokia Mounds, following a delicious picnic lunch provided by Mrs. Gray LaDassor, at which everyone overate, we decided to surface hunt a small field of corn stubble before returning to our mound exploration tasks. It was assumed that walking would be more comfortable under our present condition than the squatting and cramped positions needed at the excavation site. Artifacts were everywhere in the cultivated fields around the mounds so surface hunting was always a pleasant and profitable diversion.

As we were about to return to the mound I noticed a pottery head with facial features staring up at me so I called to the other men to come look at my monkey face. It was an effigy head from a medallion pottery bowl, which through salvage after the vessel was broken, was reworked until a near perfect tiny head was left.

At the mounds the little LaDassor girl, hearing talk about the find, came to me and said, "Uncle Raymond let me see your monkey face." I kneeled down with my face close to her and said, "Here, take a good look at this old monkey's face." As small as she was it embarrassed her and with tears in her eyes she chokingly uttered, "I didn't mean you were a monkey," then she snuggled up real close and I showed her the pottery head which she just loved.

Some of the happiest days of my life were spent at Cahokia and even though they are now but memories I treasure them still.

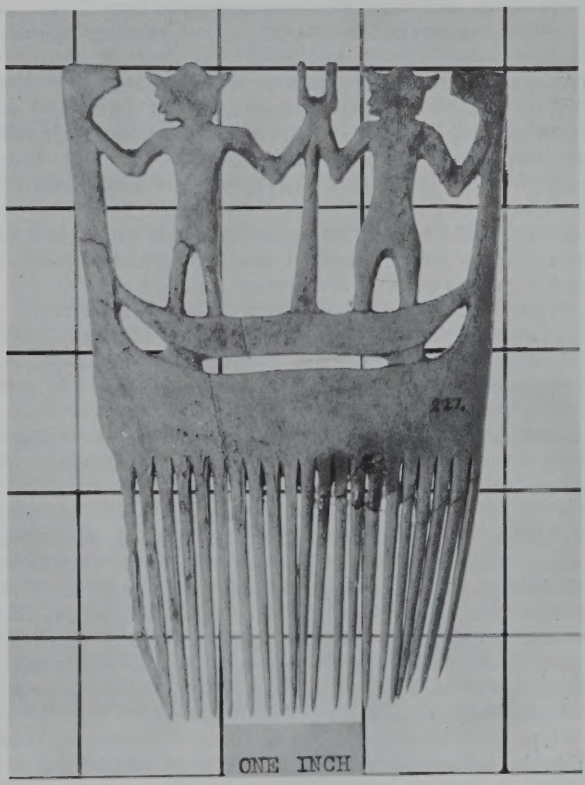
While attending an archaelogical meeting in Memphis, we found the hotel where we were staying to be very crowded and the elevators were always packed. Coming down to check out found Mrs. Vietzen and yours truly in a jam-packed elevator with a gorgeous redhead squeezed tightly against me. She was so beautiful and sweet smelling one just could not refrain from admiring her charms. This I did in no uncertain manner, much to Mrs. Vietzen's dislike.

When the car stopped, people nearest the door stepped out but the vivacious redhead turned and slapped me in the face in front of all those people. She angrily exclaimed, "That will teach you not to pinch a lady."

I was exasperated and pleaded my innocence to no avail. Everyone laughed and I was embarrassed and confused to say

the least. All the way to the car I was telling my wife I didn't pinch the girl. Just as we reached the car she said, "I know you didn't, Dear, I did."

Even though I was innocent of anything but man's admiration of a beautiful woman, I was glad to leave that hotel lobby and never return.



Antler Comb from Fred Green farm.
Boughton Hill Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y.
Photo by Harry L. Schoff.

Chapter X

THE PENNSYLVANIA STORIES

During the nineteenth century much of Pennsylvania was like the Wild West, especially in the mountains where coal was being mined and the logging camps were numerous. Many taverns, which catered to the teamsters were located along the mountain roads and these were well patronized.

Our story took place in one of these taverns during the winter when bobsleds were being used to haul coal to the towns and villages. Several of the coal haulers had gathered at the tavern for their liquid refreshments, food and relaxation. Saloon girls were a part of this business and a great attraction to the rough and ready men of the mountains.

One teamster had his eye on a beautiful and curvaceous redheaded girl but she would have none of him. After several whiskies he was determined to take her to bed with him and grabbed her and pulled her onto his lap. She fought like a wildcat and he became uncontrollably angry. He pushed her posterior against the rosy pot bellied stove saying, "I'll make it hot for you." She screamed and another teamster hit her accoster, knocking him over chairs and a table. Now all Hell broke loose and there was a free-for-all fight in which everyone joined. The whiskey crazed men nearly wrecked the tavern as the stove was turned over and the soot filled pipes fell to the floor. Soon the place was afire and the fist fighters turned fire fighters. After the fire was extinguished and the stove reset, everyone had another drink and none but the poor saloon girl seems too badly hurt. She was severely burned and probably carried a brand on her fannie for the rest of her life.

An old Pennsylvania German teamster who was noted for his drunkenness imbibed too freely before starting for home with his team and Conestoga wagon. On the way home he stopped the horses and fell asleep in the wagon. Some local boys passed by and noticed him; so for a prank they unhitched his team and took the horses home, leaving him asleep on the wagon seat. Next morning when he awoke he was bewildered and confused for whenever this happened on other trips the horses when rested would pull the wagon home while he slept

and once home his wife and children took care of the horses and put him in bed. This time was different and in his stupor, he muttered, "Damn it, someone stole two damn gute horses or I found one damn gute wagon."

Some of his neighbors said this incident caused him to give up his heavy drinking and made a new man of him.

Another old Dutchman with too much whiskey in his innards was driving his horse and buggy at breakneck speed. There was no need for this but he was too drunk to realize his peril and as he reached the river bridge his horse entered in good shape but the careening buggy hit the railing where it stopped. The horse and disengaged shafts kept on going for home leaving the driver in the middle of the stream where he landed after being thrown from his buggy.

He crawled out of the water and finding a secluded spot settled down and fell asleep. When the horse arrived home the family was concerned and secured the help of neighbors in searching for the man. The buggy was found at the bridge but he was not with it. Several searchers decided he had drowned and were feverishly searching the river for his remains when he crawled out of the bushes and said, "What in hell are you looking for"?

When I left the hunting camp and started for the outdoor privy, which was perched on the mountain side in the rear, I was cautioned to watch for rattlesnakes as they loved to hole up in the toilet. I can truthfully say I never sat on a more uncomfortable toilet seat as I felt there must be at least a dozen rattlers down below. I had just viewed about 200 rattlesnakes which a nearby snake hunter had captured and I was sure he had not found all of them in the area.

Old timers told me of wild tea plants growing in the mountains in certain sections of Pennsylvania and the leaves being gathered and used for a mealtime beverage. An elderly gentleman said he had it many times when he was young and it tasted very much like the Oriental varieties. I have tried to find the latin name for this shrub but with no success. Perhaps the local Indians used it before white man.

A beautiful modern hunting lodge was built in the valley beside a stream. The proud owner had everything he desired

and he was contented as he returned to his city residence to count the days until turkey and deer hunting season would open again.

His neighbor downstream imported some beavers to live in the stream in the valley. His home was on the hillside overlooking the stream and he loved to watch the beavers as they built their new dam, but alas, this caused the waters to back up and where the new hunting lodge was situated there were several feet of water and a large beaver pond.

The beavers started a feud which finally ended in a disastrous manner for the innocent dam builders who were dislodged in a hurry.

A native deer hunter used a muzzle loading rifle in his quest for game, much to the ridicule of his friends who scoffed and wagered that he would never get his deer. He made a bet that he would be the first to shoot a deer and also he would have the largest of the group. They arranged to meet at his place in the morning for their first day of hunting.

He told me he had been watching a big buck every evening as he came to drink at the spring so the night before season opened he slipped out and shot the deer and gutted him, putting the liver and heart in the spring to cool. He hung the deer and then hid it with brush and branches, then hoped that no wildcats or bears would find it during the night.

The party started out at daybreak each one going to his spot to watch for a fine specimen. The muzzle loader hunter slipped back and fired a shot near his hidden deer after which he threw water from the spring into the carcass making the blood wet and fresh looking then he removed the hide which was carried to the house before any of his buddies came in for lunch. All marvelled at his big deer and he removed the round ball from the wound to prove he had shot it with the old rifle. As they ate fresh venison for supper that evening, the bet was paid and a new respect prevailed for the old timer and his long smoke pole.

I held and fondled the old full stock rifle as its octogenarian owner related his bit of trickery to me. Even at his advanced age, he proved to be a capable guide and a pleasant companion. His daughter is the champion female hunter in the area and his wife runs a close second. I tried to buy the rifle but he loved it too much.

In the Pennsylvania mountains my companion and I had supper in a small restaurant operated by his friend. As we waited for our meal the two rough looking local characters at a nearby table engaged us in conversation.

One of these, a slight built man, was quite drunk and insisted on either singing or talking boisterously. He informed me that he had shot a man down South but had not killed him so a policeman finished the job. He also said he had spent eleven years in Alcatraz and four years in Leavenworth before being released. He sang many of the prison songs and still had the palor of an imprisoned man.

His companion was a heavy set German logger who had a farm back in the brush. He bragged to me about making moonshine whiskey and invited us to visit him and he would show me his still and three barrels of mash then working. I explained to him his folly in telling this to a total stranger and that I could be a federal man but he only scoffed and said, "You're no damn dick, and besides I like you." "I don't care a damn if the law comes around as I have a good deer rifle which kills men as easily as animals."

As the conversation became more animated and disgusting, our host served everyone a glass of his homemade wine which made our inebriated character sing loud and long. Our meal finished and being completely disgusted, we bid our new friends adieu and departed for our hunting lodge where we found the peace and tranquility we desired.

The world is filled with uninhibited and natural human beings and though these seem odd to me I sometimes think I am the peculiar one and perhaps appear like a freak to such as they. Would we all be happier and the world better if we remained simple and uncomplicated?

During the days when door bells were an innovation in the small towns of Pennsylvania, some rather humorous happenstances did occur. A friend of mine told me a story about his Pennsylvania German (Dutch) neighbor, which goes something like this. This aggressive Dutchman had one of the newfangled door bells installed and it worked very well for a time but soon was out of order and would no longer announce the arrival of a caller. Being a practical man, the owner printed a neat little sign and tacked it above the bell button. On the sign were these words, "Bell don't button, please bump."

While at the barber shop, I was talking with an old friend about his hunting lodge in the Pennsylvania mountains when he informed me his son was getting married and intended to honeymoon in the cabin. He, the father, had just returned from a trip to the cabin where he said he cleaned up the place and chased the mice out. I commented that I doubted if the mice would be noticed by young honeymooners but he said he wanted nothing to disturb them or distract from their pleasures.

Whoever heard of mice bothering a young couple on their wedding night?

Iroquois Antler Comb, Totiaction site, Rochester Junction, Monroe Co., N. Y.

Chapter XI

NAVAJO RESERVATION STORIES

One winter day I received a letter from the Navajo Mission in Fruitland, New Mexico stating the Indians and the people of the mission wished us to come and live with them for a time. We made plans to do so and left on the first day of April.

All went well until I got deathly sick in Oklahoma but managed to feel well enough to continue on the following day even though I was very weak.

In the mountains we encountered the worst blizzard I ever drove through. Snow piled on the windshield and jammed the wipers making visibility almost nil. A gasoline tank truck was just ahead of us and I was certain I would run into its rear end but this never happened.

As we reached the foothills, the snow turned to rain and water was over the road in many places. At Bernalillo, New Mexico the streets were flooded and I drove on the sidewalks to get through the town. At the town's edge I stopped for gas at what looked like the toughest joint I was ever in. I thought I would be killed for my money at any minute but no harm befell us. Perhaps most of the Mexicans were more afraid of me than I was of them for I was twice their size.

Before too long we noticed a pueblo situated some distance off the road so down the muddy lane we went, the mud getting worse as we neared the village. When we arrived at the old Spanish Mission, we were welcomed with more mud, pigs, dogs and Indians all of which were too much after the blizzard in the mountains and the flood waters in the foothills so we turned around and left after a very short stop.

One evening following supper at the Wesleyan Mission we were lingering at the table discussing plans for the next day when I happened to think of Freddie, the blind Navajo interpreter, who was sitting alone in the dark living room. I excused myself and went in to talk with this interesting young man. I asked him if he wasn't lonesome sitting by himself but he said no, as he enjoyed listening to our plans. He told me that Indians never made plans after dark for all the devils and bad spirits were around at that time and hearing

one's plans they would foul these and mix up everything. Indians made their plans after sunrise when no bad spirits were around. This assured them of almost certain success in their ventures.

Driving through the mountain near Durango, Colorado, the mission car suddenly filled with what appeared to be smoke. I advised the missionaries and Mrs. Vietzen to gather all the luggage, clothing and picnic lunch and be ready to leave the car as soon as I could pull off the highway and stop. As I was stopping I realized the smoke was actually steam which upon examination I found coming from a heater hose which had broken. I repaired the hose but most of the water was lost and none was in sight.

I started down the highway coasting down the mountain slopes looking for a well, a stream or water wherever I could find it. The engine was getting hotter and hotter but at last I spotted an old mine shaft and thought I might find water there. I pulled off the road and to my great joy I noticed a shallow puddle which a recent rain had made. The only available containers were discarded beer cans which the preacher and I used to cool down and fill the car radiator. The good reverend was about to give up but I said have faith and keep dipping.

Just as we pulled onto the highway the state patrol drove up with water and gasoline. He asked if we were all right and I said yes but ten minutes ago we sure could have used that can of water. The forest ranger in the fire tower had radioed the highway patrol to come to our rescue and even though we were then in good shape it was a pleasure to see that patrolman.

While holding services at Sanosti, Arizona, everyone was crowded into one hogan. The Chief, Lightning Anderson, sat at the door on a box but all other Indians sat on the floor. Rev. Sammons sat opposite the door with an Indian interpreter on one side and yours truly on the other. Mrs. Vietzen was to my left.

After the singing and preaching Rev. Sammons told them how wonderful I was and how I loved the Indians. This went well for a time, then the Chief said, "You talk too much, you sit down and let him talk for himself." I talked for a time and then they wanted Mrs. Vietzen to talk to them. All this pleased them so much and we were accepted as their brothers.

Stopping on the reservation wherever there was sickness

or suffering was part of the mission work and we spent much time in treating the ailing and infirm. One little Indian boy had a bad cough so Rev. Sammons gave him some cough syrup in a tin cup. This he gulped down and said, "More, more"! Again the cup was partially filled and the little fellow swallowed it and begged for more. This continued until over half of the bottle's contents were consumed at which point we felt it advisable to stop. I never knew if it helped his cough but I am sure he was not constipated for several days.

An old Indian came to the mission for seed potatoes so he was given a large sack for planting. On the following day he was back for more seed potatoes. We asked him what he had done with the others and why did he need more. He said, "Me eat 'em, me like 'em, heap good." We took another sack of potatoes out to his garden patch and helped him plant these so he did not eat them.

While going to eat with some of the Navajo Indians we took some sweet rolls, bread and a large sack of potatoes. We ate on large tables set up in the open air. The entire sack of potatoes had been fried and every morsel was consumed by the family group and the people from the mission. The sweet rolls and bakery bread were almost untouched and much disliked by the older adults.

One evening at dusk I stuck the mission's Chevrolet car in the desert sand. I shoveled sand from the rear wheels and tried to pull out but had no success. This was repeated several times and as darkness approached I became almost frantic. In the middle of the desert with no help for miles was placing me in a bad position. Finally I noticed all four wheels sink in the sand when you are stuck on the desert so I shoveled a track for all the wheels and soon got the car back on firmer sand. I think Rev. Sammons said a prayer or two while I shoveled.

At one of the trading posts operated by a man who was half Mormon and half Navajo, I was initiated to a new manner of doing business. An elderly Navajo woman came in, took off her turquoise necklace and offered it for trade on groceries. The trader allowed her three dollars in trade which she took in coffee, corned mutton, etc. After she left he placed a tag on the necklace, marked it $15.00 and put it in the jewelry case. I asked if that was the way he did business and he said, "Yes, is there anything wrong"? I smiled and mumbled, "I guess not."

Mornings at the mission were somewhat of a ritual. Thanks were offered before partaking of breakfast. The meal over, we went to the living room where all were seated with bowed heads while the reverend read a passage from the Bible after which everyone knelt while one of the missionaries prayed for about a half hour. This kneeling was quite hard on my arthritic knee joints but with God's help I survived.

On one trip into the desert Rev. Sammons rubbed some liniment on an old medicine man's arthritic joints to help relieve the pain. I joshed him about his Indian medicine being no good but he only grinned. His wife, who was weaving a rug, looked up and said, "You waste the good medicine on that old man." Everyone had a good laugh. Indians do laugh and they have a great sense of humor.

On the day we toured Mesa Verde we were with the two millionth visitor group and enjoyed the red carpet treatment very much.

We took Rev. Sammons for a fine steak dinner in Cortez, Colorado and he said it was the best meal he ever ate. Missionaries just don't eat that kind of food for they cannot afford it and seldom is it available in the remote areas where they work. I never liked mutton and mutton stew, the staple of the Navajos, as it was hard to take even when freshly cooked but warmed over the mutton tallow soaks into the potatoes and this Dutchman cannot take it. I tried hard to eat the stew but I failed my red skinned brothers.

One of the most beautiful sights that met our eyes was a group of little Navajo girls seated on the floor at the mission, where they recited the books of the Bible for us. It put me to shame for I was not certain I could do it without missing one or two.

Because of her many kind deeds, I presented to Grandma Blackhorse, an elderly Navajo woman, a check for ten dollars. She looked at it and said, "What is this paper good for? I explained it was money but she said money is green, this is white, it is no good. Now I told her to take it to the trader, who knew me, make her mark on the back and he would give her ten dollars in trade and cash. This she did and was happy as a lark. She had learned something new from the white brother.

I became friendly with a Navajo man who was a college graduate and very intelligent but he had returned to the

reservation and his old Indian ways. Six months from graduation and they again take up the blanket and return to a life of contentment which white man never knew. This man was an expert at sand painting and curing illness Indian style. He helped at many of the "sings" although on occasion he attended the Christian church.

At one of the trading posts there was the remains of a very large stack of hay which was used as extra feed for the trader's sheep when the pasture was short. Nesting on this stack were many geese all hatching their eggs and some already with tiny newly hatched goslins. Although the sheep were fenced out of the yard where the hay was stored, an old Indian had left the gate open. The hungry sheep stampeded and rushed on top of the stack where honking geese and bleating sheep met. To make matters worse a group of yelling Indians rushed in to drive off the sheep. In the bedlam I doubt if one goose egg survived out of several hundred. It was funny yet a pathetic sight which I shall never forget. Those poor geese were still honking an hour later.

One of the owners of this trading post was a survivor of the Bataan March. Although he was quiet and at times seemed far away, I found him pleasant and nice to be with. He was part Indian but his father was a Mormon. His Indian relic collection was large and filled with considerable material from the cliff dwellings of Montezuma Canyon in Utah, where he did considerable research.

At least a hundred pawned Indian saddles were stored in a building at the trading post. Never before had I seen so many saddles, many silver mounted and true works of art. Later some would be remeemed, others sold to new owners.

One day we were called upon to come to the desert to take an ailing, elderly man to the Indian hospital at Shiprock, New Mexico. We found the family hogan but the man's daughters said, "No, he is out there," as they pointed to a small shed quite some distance from the house. It was surrounded by a coral made of brush, logs and old iron bedsteads, which we entered with some little effort.

In the shack, on a blanket spread upon the dirt floor, was a sick old man who appeared helpless and near death. The odor was nearly unbearable, for among his many ailments was a bad case of uremic poisoning. His trousers and the blankets reeked of the foul smelling urine but we changed his

clothes and put a clean blanket around him before taking him to the hospital.

He also had tuberculosis and it was necessary to carry a can for a cuspidor and plenty of cloths to wipe his nose and mouth. The drive to Shiprock was anything but pleasant but it was an errand of mercy.

At the hospital which was manned by Indians, we were told to take him back home to die as they could do nothing for him. We asked if we could leave him for awhile until we could do a number of things we planned on while in Shiprock. They agreed so we left and forgot to come back, assuming that in this way they would be forced to care for the old gent.

The next morning there was a phone call from the hospital telling us to come for the sick man we left. We waited until 2:00 P.M. then put blankets in the ambulance truck and started for the hospital. On the way we stopped to examine and photograph a large petroglyph near the highway. Directly the hospital ambulance pulled up beside our vehicle and transferred the patient. They thought we would not come for him so they were bringing him back.

We drove to his hogan and tried to take him in but his daughters raved and screamed in Navajo and English to take him back to the little shack. The Navajos do not want death to occur in the home for then it and everything in it must be destroyed and never used again. If possible, the sick are carried outside before death comes. They may die under a bush or in an outbuilding.

We took the Indian to his bed on the floor and as I was leaving he pulled his blanket over his face as though he were already dead. I am sure he died there before too long a time.

His greatest concern was a large amount of money which he had saved for his burial rites. This was missing and he was sure his own family had stolen it from him. He pleaded with Rev. Sammons to get it back. Perhaps they were keeping it safe for him.

We saw many of the abandoned homes where death had occurred. These chindys or hexed hogans were stove in and damaged sometimes with the dead remains still in them. No one will touch such abandoned hogans.

To kill even poisonous snakes is bad luck to the Navajo, at least he thinks so. He will get a white man to kill the snake and even point out the reptile but he will not kill it even though

he wants it dead. In this way the bad luck comes to the white man.

Stealing is not a crime but getting caught in the act is.

In transporting the Navajos to church I was told never to circle a hogan with the truck as this would hem in the dweller with the devils and allow no means of escape.

Hogans with square corners were not built by the old time Navajo as the devils could catch him in these corners. Round or octagonal hogans made it impossible to be so cornered.

The Navajo accepted white man's religion and medicine but retained his own. When I asked about this, I was told your things are good and so are ours. If we have both it is twice so good. Who can argue with this?

Our first day at the Navajo Mission was one to be long remembered. While eating supper Bootie, the big shepherd dog, started to bark and the minister said some Indians are coming in as the dog always barked in that manner when the local tribesmen came to the mission for help. As we looked out toward the road we saw an Indian woman and a small girl crawling under the fence which separated the irrigation ditch from the mission grounds. They were wet and disheveled, and the child was crying.

We brought them into the house, helped them clean and wash after which they were given food and drink with the mission family. Finally the woman told her story.

Her husband had been drinking at the tavern just off the reservation and seeing him becoming drunk she pleaded to go home. He was mean and stubborn and no amount of begging from his wife and child would budge him from his firewater so they started to walk home. Seeing them leave made him beastly mad. He crawled into his car and tried to run them down. They escaped death or severe injury by leaping into the irrigation canal from which they waded to the mission grounds on the opposite bank.

They spent the night at the mission but next morning the wife must make a choice. Either report her husband to the Indian Police for arrest or return home to him and forget the entire incident. She chose the latter and I took her to their desert home.

The day we arrived found many of the missionaries in Denver at a conference. Among these was the driver of the Dodge power wagon, a four wheel drive truck, used to ford the irrigation canals to pick up Indians to attend church

services. Services at the mission would be held that evening so I was elected to drive the truck.

No one was available to play the church piano so Mrs. Vietzen was delegated for this honor, which she enjoyed immensely.

Not knowing my way on the desert lands of the reservation made it necessary for a young lady missionary to accompany me and direct me to the many hogans where Christian Indians resided. We soon filled the specially equipped truck with church goers and returned to the mission where Rev. Sammons preached to his flock. Hymns were sung in Navajo Indian tongue then in ours.

Following the services the Indians were ready to return to their homes so we started back to the desert and the various hogans. Before the last stop the truck's headlights started to flicker and soon these failed completely. Alone on a strange desert at midnight with no lights to see by is not the best position to be in. I had taken a flashlight with me and now it would come handy. Vivian said she would sit on the hood and hold the light for me to drive but I decided to try repairs first. There was little to run into on the desert and one need only to miss an occasional hogan and the large irrigation ducts but lights were still necessities.

I found the clutch pedal had rubbed the insulation from the light wiring and caused it to burn out. Temporary repairs were easily made and soon we were on our way, arriving a bit late but safe.

While returning the Indians to their homes, I escorted the unattended Indian women and children to their door, lighting their way with a flashlight. Vivian said, "Ray, you will spoil those women so bad that their husbands will have trouble with them." We both laughed as we went on to the next stop where I repeated the chivalrous act, unmindful of her concern.

At one of these hogans I took a young Indian woman and her tiny baby into her home where I met a very old man of at least 80 winters. As I returned to the truck, Vivian told me he was the girl's husband, she being his fifth wife. He had children old enough to be his wife's parents but his virility was surprising.

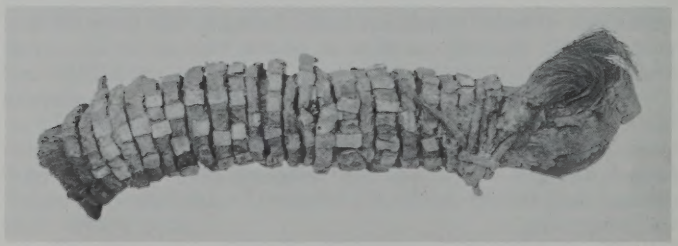
Many of the Navajo girls had children out of wedlock. These being fathered by white men who worked on the oil wells and pipe lines. These cassanovas promised the pretty maidens a new life in cities where they would have houses and

apartments with everything their hearts desired but when the wells were drilled or the pipe line finished the workers moved on leaving pregnant Indian girls behind. Their mistakes were paid for in silence with no efforts being made for their child's support other than by their own efforts. Perhaps those few months of ecstacy, as a white man's darling, were worth the price and the child would always be a reminder of all those wonderful moments.

When I was presented with a white stallion I had to refuse to take him home but Grandma Blackhorse said you ride him home. I explained it was too far. Her reply was, "He strong horse, you strong man, you ride him — he go a hundred miles." Again explaining, I said it was many hundred miles and several days to my home. This stopped her and when I said I will leave him with you and you take good care of him for me she was happy.

This same Indian woman made some pottery pieces for me, one of which cracked in firing. This one she refused to allow me to take, even though I told her it would not matter as I would use the vessel for display purposes only. She informed me that the devils had got into the pot and cracked it making it tabu. I must not have it as these devils would harm me. It must be destroyed to shed the demons.

As we were leaving for home Evan, the missionary shook my hand and said, "You came as strangers but leave as dear friends."



Que of braid of Human hair encased in brass ornamented Buckskin thongs. Early "Contact period" Grave, Cayuga County, N. Y. Photo by H. L. Schoff.

Chapter XII

CANADIAN YARNS

I was desirous of collecting many things while in Nova Scotia, among which was an Indian made birch bark moose call. In my sister's home town of Bridgewater, they told me an old guide named Silver Heels had one or two which I might pry him loose from. He was part Indian and part French, a true Canadian wilderness guide.

His cabin was in a remote area far back from the highway but being an Indian by nature I had little trouble in locating the man. When I rapped on his door, he called out, "Come in." I found him lying on his bunk badly crippled with arthritis. He said he moved no more than necessary to keep body and soul together. He would never beat the brush again or call the moose so he was pleased to sell me his two fine moose calls. These are now in our Indian Ridge Museum and each time I see them I wonder what became of old Silver Heels? Did he lay there and just pass away? Even bears or wolves could have finished him. I would like to think some one took him into their home and cared for him during his last days, but I doubt if he would leave his beloved cabin in the woods.

I called at a farm home near Baker's Settlement, Nova Scotia, where I purchased a flint lock musket marked Maryland. This family's ancestors had lived in the Colonies before the Revolutionary War. They were Loyalists who refused to fight the mother country so took lands and asylum in Nova Scotia. The owner said his grandfather had used the gun to drill with the militia on a nearby hilltop.

Here was a most interesting family of English extraction but to my surprise I found them to be illiterate. As I was purchasing old guns and antiquities throughout Canada to be taken back to the States, I wished to have no trouble with customs agents at the border. Each purchase I made was listed with numbers, name, etc. along with the price. When I asked the farmer to sign his name to the slip he said, "I can't write my name, I never learned to read or write." I signed his name and he made his mark so all went well. My companion witnessed the signature.

Reggie, a native guide, was escorting our group on a tour of Indian Gardens where waters of the lake dislodged many Indian artifacts. We walked along the water's edge finding the occasional projectile point, usually made of white quartz, but our impatient guide decided more could be found in the crystal clear, shallow water so he removed his shoes and socks to go wading. The sharp rocks on his bare feet soon discouraged even this hardened woodsman but undaunted he put on his shoes without socks and returned to his wading and searching. The white quartz arrowheads, shell beads and drilled animal teeth were easily seen in the water and when the sun was setting my Canadian friend had a pocket full of desirable specimens which he proudly presented to "Uncle," as he affectionately referred to me. I was visiting my sister, and her son, my nephew, was a member of our party and a close friend of Reggie.

On a deer hunt with Reggie, we saw a doe and her small fawn come out of the forest and stop in a log road to observe us. The doe quickly leaped into the brush but curiosity made the fawn stay and as it looked back over its shoulders, Reggie dropped to one knee and aimed his rifle. Mrs. Vietzen said to me, "I could not eat a mouthful of that little darling." Reggie heard, lowered his rifle, stood up and as the fawn scampered after its mother said, "I couldn't either." We all agreed.

To hold the power of destruction in your hand and to know how and when to use it is symbolic of true understanding and a trait worthy of retention.

A logging camp where Reggie served as cook was an innovation to me, with its enormous cook stove and water reservoirs in which hot water was always available. No heat was lost for the stove pipe passed through the water tank at the rear of the stove. Small logs four feet in length were used to fuel the combination cooking and heating unit.

Bunks lined the walls from floor to ceiling and long plank tables and benches served for dining, reading and relaxation. Any form of entertainment was welcome and even a lousy musician was highly honored in the camp.

The log meat house stood near the bunk and cook house and beef, deer and bear meat along with bacon and hams were kept there. Many claw marks on the door reminded Reggie of the numerous attempts by bears to get at the meat

inside. He slyly admitted that some got inside but not under their own power. The woodsmen watched for the marauders during hunting season and Mr. Bear became a part of the food supply. Reggie told of one large old bear who succeeded in tearing the door from its hinges and helping himself to the stored meat. He was an old veteran and returned several times before the lumber jacks brought his raiding days to an end.

During the winter the lumbermen find themselves unable to leave the woods for days and months on end. Deep snows block the roads and trails, making travel other than by snowshoes, an impossibility. Wonderful is the day when men can come out to see their families and return to so-called civilization for a few hours. A big truck or jeep will bring out a group but at 3:00 or 4:00 P.M. everyone must meet at a prearranged rendezvous to return before darkness sets in. Dangers of the woods increase three fold as the light of day fades.

One morning I drove alone to fish in Wentzel's Lake. I parked the car at the Big Pines which overlooked the lake. Here was a stand of the biggest and most beautiful pines my eyes ever beheld. Trees of giant height and diameter with no underbrush or vegetation beneath them but a carpet of pine needles so thick and resilient as to make one seem to be walking on air. Upon examination I found the carpet to be more than a foot in thickness.

As I strolled amidst this sylvan beauty, I knew no cathedral in the world could ever offer the reverent feeling or the sanctity which I enjoyed at the time. These moments I spent with God alone.

Leaving the Big Pines, I walked down to the lake where I embarked in a clumsy, home made boat. Two wooden pegs driven into the gunwales one on either side served as locks for the crude oars but the craft was seaworthy and maneuverable, which satisfied my present desires. I rowed to the center of the lake where I anchored at the edge of the current caused by a stream which flowed through this body of water. Here I caught more large fish than I could carry to the car in one trip. An eel gave me a real battle, one which he eventually won by sawing my line on the keel of the rough boat. He was stubborn, always wanted to change from sternside to portside and in the process he managed to part my line and depart from a disgruntled angler.

As I cursed, I then sat down to repair the mangled tackle and nurse my wounded pride. By chance I glanced toward

the opposite bank where a bull moose was breaking out of the trees and entering the shallow water. In silence I watched as he fed upon the vegetation growing in the lake — a sight I had never before enjoyed. After feeding for some time, he happened to look my way and no big animal ever moved faster from the water into the seclusion and safety of the forest. These hours alone with God's creatures were priceless to me.

After several weeks in Nova Scotia I had purchased so many articles it was unbelievable. One by one items were brought in and stored in the garage where I kept my car. When the day of reckoning arrived and this accumulation must be loaded into the car, the pile looked larger than the vehicle. Neighbors gathered and made wagers on whether or not I could possibly stow away all that cargo and still have room for Mrs. Vietzen and myself. Being an old hand at this sort of thing, I neatly packed everything in but road clearance beneath the rear bumper was not more than six inches. This was helped somewhat as we filled the front seat. The drive home was made in good order but no night driving was attempted because the headlights were sweeping the roadside trees and making life miserable for the approaching motorists.

We stayed at Erie, Pennsylvania the night before I was to speak at Norwalk, Ohio. We arrived in Elyria at noon and made the speaking engagement that evening. I opened my talk by saying, "At noon today I arrived home from Nova Scotia."

SAVED FROM ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH

While returning home from Nova Scotia, we were driving through New Brunswick in a very heavy fog, so heavy that visibility was almost nil, the center line on the highway being the only guide to driving. Peering intently through the fog I happened to see a pile of fresh, steaming horse manure on the road and at once decided the animal must be nearby so I slowed down until the car barely moved and all of a sudden a horse and wagon appeared stopped in the center of the road. The farmer was off the wagon opening a gate through which he intended driving the outfit. I was able to stop before hitting the wagon but had I not seen the horse's droppings down the road and had I not slowed down to a snail's pace while looking for the horse I would very likely not be here to write these words. All this took place at seven o'clock in the morning when most travelers were still in their beds at comfortable motels.

FIG. XXIII

Indian burial — Riker site — Midvale, Ohio. Beads of anterior of deer mandible. Dug by F. Lambert.

FIG. XXIV

James Lambert working on Indian graves at Riker site, Midvale, Ohio.

FIG. XXV
Ohio Buckskin Boys at shooting match.

FIG. XXVI
Bird effigy bowl from Wickliffe, Ky.
Courtesy Ancient Buried City.

FIG. XXVII

The late Dr. T. Hugh Young in his museum which held one of the largest collections of Indian relics ever assembled.

FIG. XXVIII
Interior of Honeysuckle Cabin — Indian Ridge Museum.

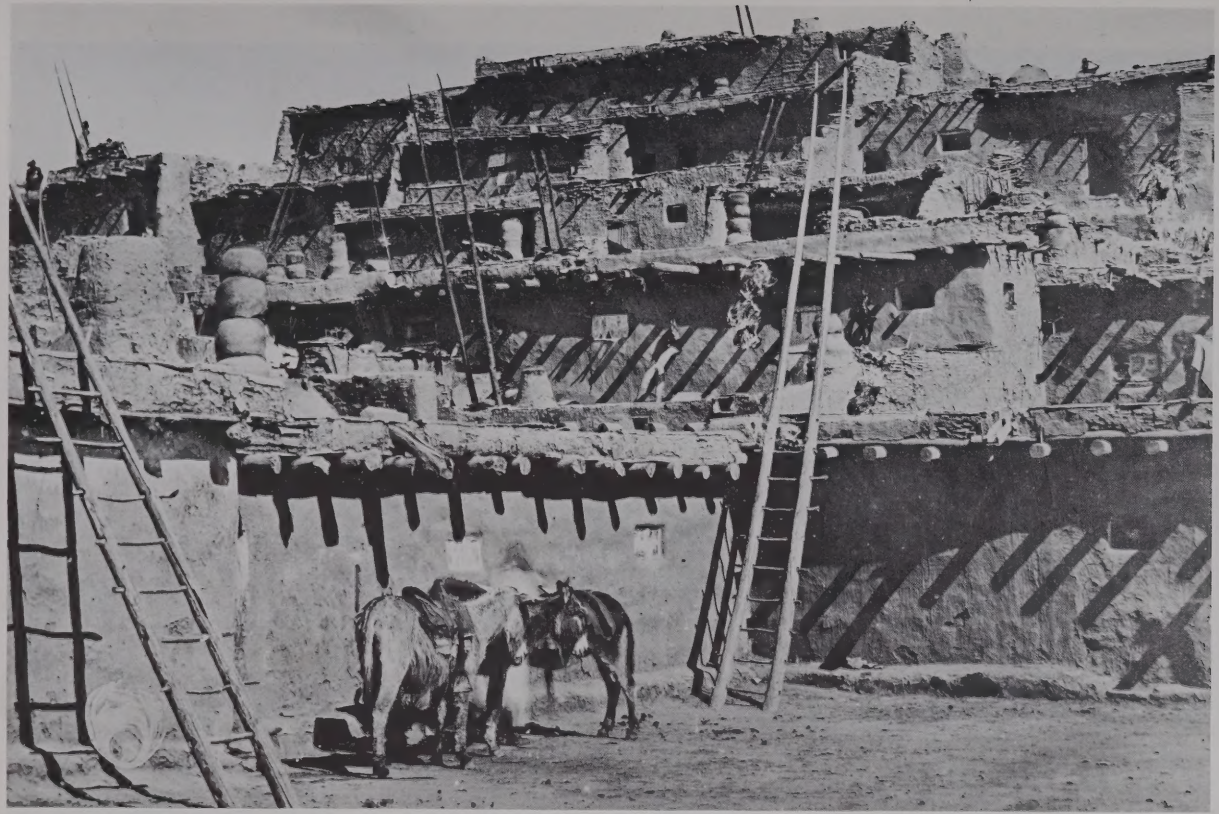


FIG. XXIX
Zuni Indian Pueblo.

FIG. XXX
The author at the trading post — Indian Ridge Museum.

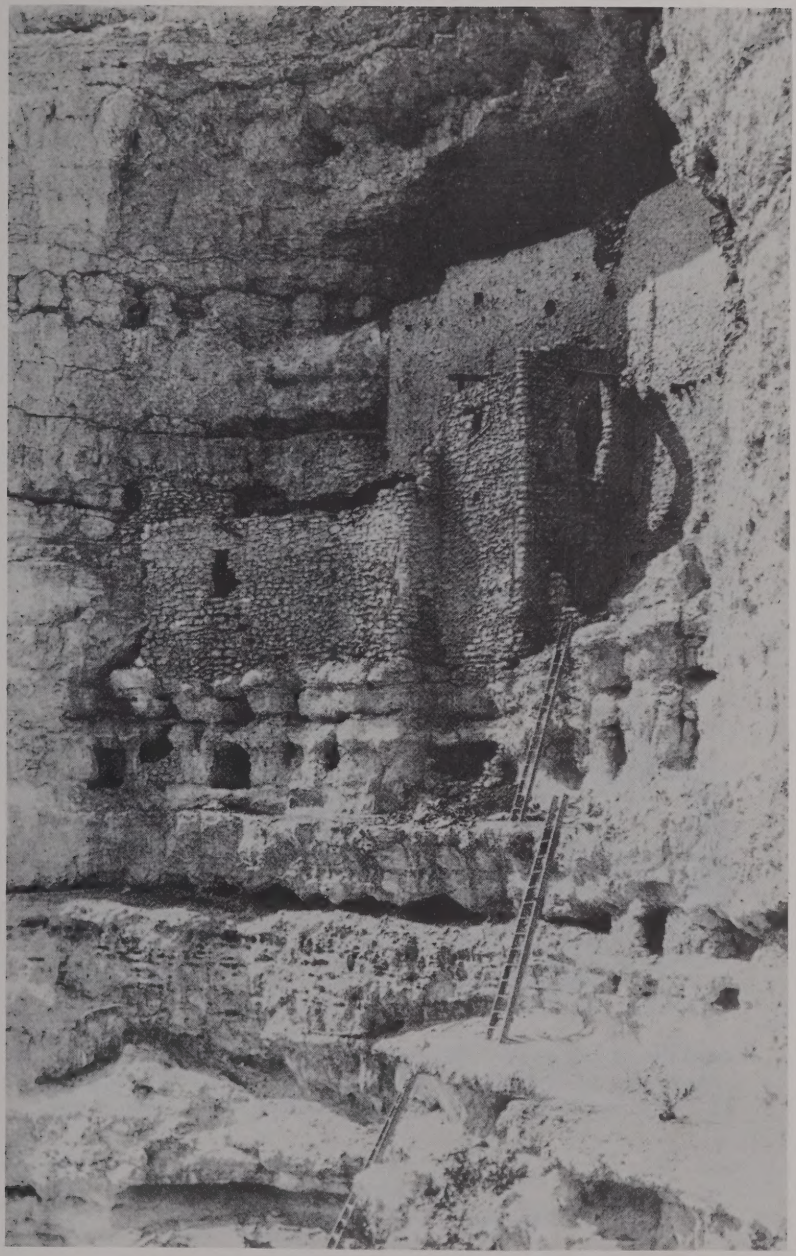


FIG. XXXI
Cliff dweller ruins — Colorado.

FIG. XXXII

Human effigy pipe — temple mound — Spiro, Okla.

Chapter XIII

CONCLUDING REMARKS

As the years passed, I felt certain that life was nothing more than hopeful hoping for something which never would be — a continuing series of elusive dreams ever present but never real. If the mountain top was reached, the view was never quite so beautiful as I expected it to be and one cannot live on the mountain top so back to the valley one must go.

No pinnacle of success was ever great enough to sate the appetite of an ambitious and aggressive conqueror and this by nature I would be.

In my time I had many proteges, all becoming excellent students. Most of them were welcome to ride on my bandwagon and at times to drive it but sooner or later this was not enough and it seemed the old master should be pushed off. This I resented and here was the parting of the ways with good friends becoming enemies with the joys of the past forgotten.

Why must life be this way?

Often as I was buried to my armpits in dark caves, my body badly bruised and bleeding, I wondered why I ever chose to do this work.

A twinge of uneasiness was ever apparent as I first entered darkened passages in newly discovered caves but the mysteries of the past ever beckoned.

Nature made itself felt in many ways as I pursued my chosen field of archaeological research. Flood waters nearly drowned me, cave-ins buried me and bitter weather often dimmed my desire to carry on but the magnetic pull of Destiny could not be denied.

How primitive man must have felt. As he looked skyward his gaze fell upon billowing, rolling clouds of many and changing shades and he saw beyond them into endless space and he

wondered. He felt the rain from above and it made his corn and pumpkins grow abundantly. He saw the sun and accepted its friendly warmth and the moon at night made bright his path.

The birds flew from Mother Earth to invisibility in the heavens above — this he could not do and he wondered. He thought of the fishes in the flowing streams, the endless forests with their teeming animal life, the springs of sparkling water, the hills and valleys and the big sea waters and he was not afraid of all this but he must wonder.

Yes, he wondered and he believed that only a great and loving God could create for man's use all that he beheld and he gave thanks even as you and I.

If I have but kindled your sense of humor and caused you some thought provoking moments, I will be amply compensated for my literary efforts.

Some of my readers will relive portions of their own lives as their personal incidents parallel those described in this work. This is not unusual or unnatural as all mankind is very similar and only in rare moments does man become unpredictable and complicated.

The stories in the preceding pages are a cross-section of a life, perhaps well spent, perhaps wasted — you are the judge of this unsolved affair, not I.

A fact to be remembered is, this book was not intended to be a literary masterpiece but an enjoyable part of a man's life and a part of homespun America.

In traveling along life's highway, I have found most people are classing their wants with their needs. Human needs are those things necessary to the sustaining of life and health while wants are desires not always needed or good for one's existence on earth. Needs are few and very simple but wants are numerous and never ending. Fortunate is the person whose wants and desires are all within his scope for he knows not the hurt of disappointment and disillusionment.

I often wished I could be satisfied but this was never to be for my aggressive nature kept me ever traveling toward the horizon and reaching out for every star and when a goal was reached it was only a stepping stone to one higher up and farther away.

Perhaps only at the top of the stairs, in salvation will I find complete satisfaction and contentment.

LIFE

As joy passes into one's life; as quickly comes grief,
With bitter sorrow, until death brings relief.
So onward in the march of life we must trod
Till justice at last is dealt by the hand of God.
Every day brings its toils, its merry laughs, its tears
So on and on we journey through the trying years.
We love and hate, wish and long, laugh and cry;
Sing and dance, some speak true, and some lie
But all in the end come before the God of every man
And on the wicked and unjust, is bestowed a ban
From Heaven and happiness, they must depart
On the ship of Hell and Torture, shall they embark.
Punished and rewarded; the justice of God is well done,
Righteousness and truth, the game have surely won
So be square, play the game of life well and true
That reward, not punishment, to you may be due.

Col. Raymond C. Vietzen
written in 1930

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Grandson of German Baron Karl Von Zimmerman.

Schooled in Ohio Institutions of learning.

Spent over 40 years in the field of archaeology and anthropology both in the laboratory and digging amidst the ruins in all sections of America.

Authored five previous books:

"Ancient Man In Northern Ohio"—1941,

"The Immortal Eries" — 1945,

"Ancient Ohioans And Their Neighbors" — 1946,

"The Saga Of Glovers Cave" — 1956,

"Indians Of The Lake Erie Basin" or "Lost Nations" — 1965

Honors bestowed:

Eugene Field Society — 1941,

International Mark Train Society — 1944.

Commissioned a Kentucky Colonel by Gov. A. B. Chandler 1957 and given recognition as an honorary citizen of Tennessee by Gov. Frank Clement 1957, for archaeological research done in their respective states.

Elected to "Who's Who In American Education" — 1962-63, 1964-65, 1966-67.

One of less than 4,000 Ohio authors selected from more than 15,000 to be listed in Ohioana Library's publication "Ohio Authors and their Books 1796-1950" — World.

Served as an officer and advisor to many historical and archaeological societies.

Owner and Curator of Indian Ridge Museum at Elyria, Ohio, where 12,000 years of history is on parade.

Adopted by Siouan and Navajo Indians. He lived with the Navajoes for a time learning their ways and traits.

Always a student in search for knowledge of the prehistoric past.

Ever a friend to the Indians of today.